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THE

PAVILION.

A NOVEL.

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THE PAVILION.

A

NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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THE

PAVILION.

CHAP. I.

Thoſe who have any regard for our Heroine will be very much alarmed for her.

IT may ſeem extraordinary, and according to the common courſe of human nature would be ſo, that Mr. Corbet, after the many rebuffs he had received, ſhould ſtill retain any paſſion for our heroine.—But it has already been intimated that Mr. Corbet in ſome reſpects varied from the line of common nature; and though he would not in general profeſs himſelf a libertine, he was a

thorough one in reality. Poſſeſſed of infinite art, uncommon perſeverance, and daring courage, there were few things which he would ſuffer to ſtand in the way of his favourite purſuits. He conſidered Ethelinda as unprotected; and, though he believed Lord Melworth loved her, he did not in the leaſt believe he ever thought of marrying her.

Mr. Corbet knew of Lord Melworth's having gone to Ireland, but had not heard of his return; for though Lady Cecilia knew of his being at the Caſtle before ſhe went there, ſhe did not wiſh that to appear, and had never informed her ſon of it. Mr. Corbet however, had lately diſcovered where Ethelinda was, having traced her from Miſs Elford's to Mrs. Hammond's, and from thence to Melworth-Caſtle. He had been informed that ſhe was accidentally recommended as a companion to the Ducheſs; and he wiſhed to get her from Melworth-caſtle as ſoon as poſſible.

The Duke was never partial to him, and he did not think his going there would have anſwered

anſwered any purpoſe in his deſigns on Ethelinda: Nay, quite the contrary; and if he took her away privately, he ſhould be leſs ſuſpected, as it did not appear that he knew of her being there.

A friendleſs, unprotected girl, was a tempting object for him; and one not likely to be productive of any laſting inconvenience. He really loved her with a paſſion he had never felt for any other woman; and he had determined to go abroad, and to make her the companion of his journey.

He had now a rooted diſlike to Lord Melworth; and to triumph over him at laſt in this buſineſs, was a circumſtance that, if poſſible, increaſed his earneſtneſs in it, and would add to his pleaſure.

Mr. Corbet thought if he once got her out of England, he ſhould have her ſafe. Upon hearing that ſhe was at the Caſtle, he diſpatched his truſty valet Duval to reconnoitre the premiſes.

The plan was ſoon formed, and it was determined to take her from the Hermit's-cell the firſt time they found her alone in it.

There was a lane, with a door that opened into one part of the wood near the ſpot ſhe uſed to frequent; and, from one of the gardeners who had been well paid by Duval, they learned the time ſhe generally uſed to go there. They had watched one evening without ſucceſs, but the ſecond favoured their diabolical ſchemes.

Ethelinda had been juſt ſinging one of her favourite airs, when ſhe heard a ruſtling among the trees on one ſide of the receſs in which ſhe was ſitting, and imagining it to be the Ducheſs, got up to meet her.

But inſtead of the Ducheſs, was ſhocked by the appearance of two men maſked. She ran back, they purſued her, and threw down the harp. She ſtood almoſt petrified with horror, when one of the villains, without ſpeaking a word, ſeized her.

She

She ſcreamed, but the other immediately tied a handkerchief, which he had in his hand, over her mouth : And between them, they carried her, almoſt fainting, through the wood, to the door in the lane, where a poſt-chaiſe was ſtanding, into which they forced her; one of them only getting in with her.

She once in ſome degree removed the handkerchief from her mouth, and, in a moment, partly let down the blind, but the man who ſat by her immediately ſeized her hands, and tied the handkerchief on her face again.

They travelled as hard as the horſes could go for about two hours, ſome of the latter part of the time the man ſuffered her be without the handkerchief. When able to ſpeak, ſhe conjured him to tell her where he was going to carry her, and for what purpoſe; but he preſerved the moſt invincible ſilence.

When they ſtopped to change horſes, ſome accident had happened to the chaiſe which

them near half an hour; but the handkerchief was then again tied over her face.

In this way they travelled, till about five o'clock in the morning, when putting his head out of the carriage, the man ordered it to ſtop.

Upon the ſervant's coming up, "You muſt drive (ſaid he) to the firſt houſe you can, I am extremely ill."——But no words can paint Ethelinda's terror, when ſhe found by his voice that it was Mr. Corbet in the chaiſe with her.

She had thought of him as being at the bottom of the plot; but from ſome circumſtances had rejected the idea.—Happening then to be free from the handkerchief,—— "Good Heaven! (ſhe exclaimed) I now know with whom I am:—What Sir do you mean by this ſtep?"

"Huſh! huſh! (cried the vile wretch,) don't ſpeak ſo loud, or you will oblige me to prevent your again ſpeaking at all.—Deareſt

Miſs

Miſs Claremont! forgive the raſhneſs of a man whoſe whole ſoul is wrap'd up in you.—And forgive my telling you that all reſiſtance on your part is vain.—Our deſtiny in future muſt be united."

"Never! never, (exclaimed Ethelinda,) ſobbing with agitation.—You will repent of this, ſir, you will ſorely, dearly repent of it.—But if you will reſtore me to my friends, I here ſolemnly declare, that the juſtice due to your crimes ſhall not overtake you, as far as I can prevent it."

"No, (returned Mr. Corbet,) I did not take all this pains only to bring you thus far, and then carry you back again: It was not, I own to you, my intention to reveal myſelf till we had been out of this kingdom."——

"Out of this kingdom! (repeated Ethelinda,) gaſping for breath.—For heaven's ſake where are you going to take me?"

Her ſpirits then ſo entirely forſook her, that ſhe almoſt fainted. Mr. Corbet applied hartſhorn to her temples, and ſhe ſoon in ſome degree recovered. And when

ſhe could articulate, "beſought him to tell her where he intended to carry her, and for what purpoſe."

"I cannot ſatisfy you upon that head, replied Mr. Corbet juſt now: Indeed I am ſo extremely ill, that at preſent I can go no further.

"Thank Heaven! (cried Ethelinda,) and may you, moſt barbarous of men, never be well, till you have ſet me at liberty."

"Then I ſhall never be well, (returned Mr. Corbet;) perverſe as you are, Ethelinda, I doat on you, and truſt the time is not far diſtant when you will be convinced I do ſo, and will be grateful for it."

He was juſt then ſeized with a violent giddineſs and faintneſs.—He ſtopped the carriage, and looked out of the window for air. When he was able to ſpeak, he repeated his orders to ſtop at the firſt Inn.

They accordingly went on as faſt as poſſible, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour drove up to a houſe a little out of the great road.

toad. "If, (ſaid Mr. Corbet,) you will promiſe not to make any attempt to raiſe an alarm when we get out, I will not tie the handkerchief over your beauteous face; but if you will not ſolemnly promiſe me this, I muſt be compelled to uſe thoſe rough methods, that are more painful to me than to you."

Ethelinda felt that at this moment it was in vain to contend, and hoping for one more favourable, and to ſave herſelf from being almoſt ſuffocated, ſhe promiſed to be ſilent. Mr. Corbet being in reality ſo ill that he could hardly ſtand, he was partly led into a room. Ethelinda following him, and cloſe behind her his deteſted valet.

Mr. Corbet ſat himſelf down, and whiſpered ſomething to Duval, who went out of the room and returned again in a few minutes, and again whiſpered his maſter, who turning to Ethelinda,—"I muſt now leave you Miſs Claremont, (ſaid he,) but before I go, let me aſſure you that it will be in vain

you to attempt to eſcape. It is my intention to remain here to-night, I truſt that to-morrow I ſhall be able to proceed. Duval will get you refreſhment, and I hope you will take ſome."

Ethelinda made no anſwer—he looked dreadfully ill, and much as ſhe would have pitied any other perſon, her hopes now entirely depended upon his continuing ſo, in which caſe ſhe thought chance might favour her with the opportunity of eſcaping. No one belonging to the houſe came near her; Duval was the only perſon ſhe ſaw, and that ſhe ſhould be able to ſhake his fidelity towards his maſter, ſhe could have no hopes.

She refuſed eating, nor would ſhe drink any thing, though extremely faint for want of ſome refreſhment.

About ten o'clock, Duval told her that if ſhe pleaſed to go to bed, he would have the honour of conducting her to her chamber. "No, (ſhe replied,) ſhe would ſtay there; but

but upon further conſideration determined to ſee if the chamber might not be more propitious to her eſcape than the room ſhe was in; ſhe accordingly told Duval "that ſhe had altered her mind, and deſired he would ſhew her to the room he had mentioned."

As ſoon as ſhe got into it, he preſented her with the candle, and ſhut the door, which ſhe heard him lock on the outſide.

She looked round and found it a ſmall room with only one window, which was high from the ground; ſhe got upon a chair, but found it a caſement window faſtened down, but thought it ſhook ſo much that a very little more ſtrength than what ſhe poſſeſſed might force it open.

She ſurveyed the room, which was furniſhed in the moſt ordinary manner. A ſmall green moreen bed in one corner, with a patched quilt, ſhewed the induſtry and poverty of the owner; a deal table with a

very ſmall looking-glaſs, and two ruſh-bottomed chairs compoſed the reſt of the furniture.

She ſat herſelf down in one of the chairs and burſt into tears.—"For what am I reſerved? (exclaimed ſhe,) what will at laſt become of me? Oh! my mother, my newly found treaſure, what are now your feelings for your Ethelinda! better you had never diſcovered her, than to loſe her in this manner."

After having vented the agony of her mind, ſhe endeavoured to conſider what plan was beſt for her to purſue; whether, in caſe ſhe could not eſcape, ſhe ſhould not acknowledge herſelf to Mr. Corbet to be the Duke of Sutherland's daughter—but ſhe knew his infamous principles, and greatly feared, that, inſtead of ſerving any good purpoſe, ſuch a diſcovery might, in the ſituation they were in, render him more deſperate. She found herſelf quite exhauſted, but determined not to go to bed.—She endeavoured

to

to barracade her door, by putting the table againſt it, and puſhing the bed againſt that; when ſhe had fortified herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe fell upon her knees, and earneſtly imploring the protection of heaven, ventured to lay down in her cloaths upon the bed.

Fatigue of body and mind had overcome her apprehenſions, and ſhe had juſt got into a doſe, when ſhe was rouſed by fancying that ſhe heard ſome one pronounce her name.

She ſtarted up, and liſtening, plainly heared ſomebody at the window ſoftly ſay Miſs Claremont,—Miſs Claremont.

In extreme agitation, ſhe faultering replied "Who calls me, who is it?"

"It is me, Miſs, don't you know my voice?—It is Dermont.—Are you not here againſt your will Miſs?"

Ethelinda extremely flurried, was ſuſpicious of every thing, but after a moment's pauſe,

pauſe, ſhe replied—"Yes, that I am indeed, and forced here in the moſt cruel and wicked manner; but how came you here? contined ſhe," immediately going cloſe to the window.

"In ſearch of you, (anſwered Dermont,) but this is no time for explaining matters. my Lord is but a little way off, waiting for my joining him to continue our purſuit of you; on diſcovering you were here, I have ſent for him, but we had better not loſe time in ſtaying till he comes; for, by what I hear, we might then have bloody work of it. If ſo be you could get out of the window Miſs, it would be the beſt way of your eſcaping."

"But it is faſt, (cried Ethelinda,) or I ſhould joyfully get out of it:—Yet I do not believe it would be difficult to open."

"Let us try, (ſaid Dermont, putting his hand to the caſement,)—No, no, (continued he,) it is only faſtened by two nails, which I can eaſily wrench out."

"Do ſo then, for heaven's ſake, (ſaid Ethelinda,) gaſping for breath,—But make as little noiſe as poſſible."

"Here

"Here is a pent-houſe cloſe to the window, (ſaid Dermont,) which you can eaſily get upon; to that I have a ladder by which I can convey you ſafe down, and we have then only to go about half a mile Miſs, to the village where my Lord is."

"I am ready, (replied Ethelinda.)"

Dermont eaſily forced out the nails—the caſement opened:—But juſt as poor Ethelinda had got on the chair, it gave way and and down ſhe fell.

CHAP.

CHAP II.

Fortune favours our Heroine.

ETHELINDA ſhocked by the fall, and terrified for the conſequences ſuch a buſtle might occaſion, trembled ſo that ſhe was unable to move. Dermont got with as little noiſe as poſſible into the room. "Are you hurt Miſs? (cried he,)" almoſt in as great agitation as herſelf.

"No, (ſhe replied,) very little, but Oh! what will now become of me, and of you?"

"If you are not hurt, (cried Dermont,) you

you will ſtill be able to go." And ſeeing the other chair, he lifted her on it, it ſupported her, and ſhe got upon the window, and from thence with his aſſiſtance upon the pent-houſe.

Juſt as they got there, and were going to deſcend the ladder, they thought they heard a noiſe at the door, "Have courage Miſs, (whiſpered Dermont,) and follow me as faſt as you can." She readily obeyed, and they got ſafe to the bottom.

The finding herſelf ſo far ſafe inſpired her with freſh ſtrength and courage to proceed. Dermont did his utmoſt to perſuade her to exert them, and to get away as faſt as poſſible. —"For I do not much like our ſituation, (continued he,) as thoſe who have trepanned you away in ſuch a vile manner Miſs, will certainly defend their wicked purpoſes to the laſt. We ſhall do well to make the beſt of our way, or we may be caught; and no doubt they would ſoon make minced-meat of me.

And

And I am ſure my poor Lord ſeems juſt like a diſtracted man."

"Let us go on then, (cried Ethelinda,)—I am able." And by a little of his ſupport, and a great deal of her own exertion, they had got about three hundred yards, when they ſaw a man on horſeback riding very hard towards them.

Ethelinda was alarmed; but in a moment Dermont cried out "It is my Lord!"

He perceiving them, in an inſtant jumped from his horſe, and received Ethelinda in his arms, who, from agitation and hurry of ſpirits, was now quite fainting and ſinking to the ground.

"Heavens! (exclaimed Lord Melworth,) have I been ſo happy as to find you? Speak to me!—ſpeak to me, ſay, tell me."

"Oh! (ſaid Ethelinda,) to feel myſelf ſaved from the villany that threatened me, is happineſs indeed."——

She

She could ſay no more.—Theſe few words, however, were a cordial to Lord Melworth, who wiſhed to get her to the village as ſoon as poſſible, well knowing how dangerous her ſituation then was, and how probable that they might be diſcovered, though he was determined that he would part with his life before he would loſe her again.

With conſiderable difficulty Lord Melworth and Dermont conveyed her between them to the village, almoſt in a lifeleſs ſtate.

When they got her to the inn, Lord Melworth prevailed on her to take ſome ſtrong wine and water, and to eat ſome biſcuit. She ſoon grew better, and in little more than an hour was ſo far recovered as to think of travelling again.

It was right on every account that they ſhould ſet off as ſoon as poſſible, and they were certain that, in caſe Ethelinda's flight was diſcovered, every meaſure and every degree of violence would be exerted by Mr. Corbet to regain her.

Lord

Lord Melworth would have increaſed his guard, but there was not any more horſes to be got. He had declined entering into the particulars of his purſuit of her while they were at the inn, as he feared the converſation might have a tendency to increaſe the agitation of her ſpirits, and protract her recovery; but when ſhe was ſafely and quietly ſeated in the chaiſe, he complied with the requeſt ſhe made of being informed how he had found her out. But as our readers already know what paſſed upon her being firſt miſſed at the caſtle, and as we hate repetitions, and have no intereſted views for ſwelling theſe volumes unintereſtingly, we ſhall only take up Lord Melworth's account from the time he quitted the Caſtle.

Inquiring in the village, he met with a man who informed him that a poſt-chaiſe and four with four out-riders had taken the road to ———

With this information he and two ſervants, all well armed, proceeded as faſt as their horſes could carry them; but by taking a wrong

wrong road where two met, they got upon a wild common, where, from its being cut with many roads, they loſt themſelves for ſome hours, and were at laſt obliged to return again to the meeting of the roads where they had made their miſtake. Soon after, at a turnpike, they again heard of the carriage they were purſuing, and were then ſo fortunate as to meet with ſuch continual directions as enabled them to trace it; but were obliged to loſe ſome time in changing horſes.

No doubt the accident that happened to Mr. Corbet's chaiſe, and which detained him while it was repairing, proved very fortunate to Lord Melworth. But probably no enquiry would have been made at the houſe where Ethelinda was found, as it was out of the road, and ſo inſignificant, had not another accident happened.

One of the ſervants was thrown from his horſe, and the poor fellow ſeemed ſo much hurt, that Lord Melworth and the other ſervant with ſome difficulty got him to a cot-

tage, very near to the inn, or more properly, ale-houſe, where Ethelinda was.

Lord Melworth, in the greateſt agony of mind, and eager in his purſuit, determined to go on immediately himſelf to the village, where he might perhaps hear ſomething further to direct him.

Having ordered Dermont to follow him as ſoon as he had ſeen the ſervant properly taken care of, and ſaid he ſhould wait for him at the village, he rode off; and Dermont inquiring at the cottage if he could have accommodations for a man that was hurt.—"Yes, (ſaid an old woman,) we have a ſpare bed, and it is lucky we have, for I'm ſure there's never a one to be had for love nor money at the White-hart; they hav'nt had ſo much company this many a day.—Tho' my ſon Jack, who has been here for ſome eggs, ſays there's ſome ſad affair going on there, and that a poor lady, who was brought out of a chaiſe and four, is locked up; and the chambermaid

chambermaid told him ſhe thought ſomething bad was in the wind."

Dermont, who had paid but little attention to the firſt part of the old woman's harangue, now liſtened with great avidity to what ſhe ſaid. "I am ſure, (continued ſhe,) its a ſad thing if there's any foul play going on with any poor young creature; and I'm told great gentlemen are ſo wicked now-a-days, they'll ſtick at nothing to gain their purpoſe. However, its no matter of mine to be ſure, and I might only get into trouble mayhap for minding other folks buſineſs."

After a little more inquiry, and having liſtened to ſome more of her remarks, Dermont aſked if ſhe could find her ſon Jack, as he wanted to ſend him of an errand for which he would reward him. "Yes, yes, (ſhe replied,) I can eaſily get Jack, he'll be here in a trice." And ſhe immediately ſent a girl about ten years old for her ſon, deſiring him to come as ſoon as he could.

When

When Jack arrived, Dermont began by aſking if any ſurgeon or apothecary lived near, and being anſwered in the affirmative, commiſſioned Jack to go for him, and then ſlightly ſaid "that he underſtood the inn was well filled,"

"Yes, yes. (replied Jack,) it is full enough, but how *well* filled maſter, I don't know. There ſeems to be deviliſh ſtrange doings, for there's a lady, who they ſay has run away from her friends, and that her brother has overtook her and brought her back again; but Jenny the maid told me that ſhe overheard her crying ſadly, and ſome how or other ſhe doubted if it was all true, by ſome other things ſhe overheard from the ſervants."

"I have a curioſity to ſee this lady, (ſaid Dermont,) do you think you could get me a ſight of her? if you can I will reward you for it."

"I'faith your honour, (replied Jack, ſcratching his head,) I'd oblige you as ſoon as look at y'e, for there could be no harm in looking at her tho'f ſhe was a princeſs, as I know of; but egad, I believe we ſhould get our

our brains ſhot for our pains, if we were found by thoſe bluſtering gentlemen in the kitchen; for by what I can find they are as deſperate a ſet of dogs as ever lived. I overheard them talk of fighting to the laſt drop of blood, which makes my heart miſgive me that they are after no good; they talked ſo ſavage as made one ſhudder again: Not that I'm more afraid of a broken head than another man, but I ſhould'nt be a match for 'em at their guns and piſtols."

Dermont, though by no means a coward, was not for being ſuch a Don Quixotte in the buſineſs, as perhaps his Lord would have been, and ſenſible that only his maſter and he would probably make a bad hand of it againſt ſix or ſeven armed and deſperate men, for as ſuch they were repreſented, he conſidered that the beſt chance of ſucceſs would be by ſtratagem; but he was not quite certain that this lady was the one they were in purſuit of, and he wiſely thought it was as well to aſcertain that fact before he proceeded any further. Appearances to be ſure very much favoured the

ſuppoſition, and he repeated to his friend, that, notwithſtanding all the danger, he ſhould like vaſtly to have a peep at the lady, if he could find out which room ſhe was in.

"Why for the matter of that, (replied Jack, laughing,) I'ſe have had a peep at her myſelf, and ſhe ſeems mortal mollancholy, and if you'll promiſe not to blab it, I can ſhow you how to do the ſame."

Dermont ſoon ſettled the matter, and Jack told him that by this time they were almoſt all gone to bed; but he would ſhew him the room where the lady was, and he accordingly took him to a place where there was a ladder, and told him that from that pent-houſe he might look into the room and ſee the lady.

Dermont immediately mounted the ladder, and was ſoon convinced that the lady was indeed our own Ethelinda. He had preſence of mind not to expreſs any kind of ſurprize, and in truth deſcended the ladder again, irreſolute what ſtep to take; but he ſoon

ſoon determined not to quit his poſt, nor to loſe ſight of her by going himſelf to Lord Melworth, but reſolved to ſend for him back again by Jack, who was going for the apothecary.

As Dermont was uſed to pay many of the expences on the road, and to keep an account of them, he had a pencil in his pocket, with which, on a ſcrap of paper, he wrote.—

"Something of the greateſt conſequence "requires you to return as faſt as poſſible to "the cottage where we ſtopped.

"From your dutiful ſervant,

"B. Dermont."

He charged Jack to inquire at the Inn in the village for the gentleman, whom he had ſeen go from the cottage after he had aſſiſted the ſervant, and to give him the note.

Jack promiſed to do ſo, and, as ſoon as he was ſet off, Dermont began to re-conſider the buſineſs,——and at laſt determined to try if it were not poſſible to get Ethelinda away

before his Lord arrived. He was the more in-
duced to make the attempt, as he feared th
eagerneſs of Lord Melworth would kno
neither bounds nor prudence, and that poſ
ſibly they might only make her fate the worſe
and ſhare as bad a one themſelves. H
was not without ſome pleaſure in the thoug
of doing ſo eſſential a ſervice himſelf; he wa
convinced of his Lord's attachment to Eth
linda, and began to ſuſpect, more particu-
larly from the Ducheſs's increaſed atten
tions to her, that ſhe might ſoon become hi
lady. Theſe conſiderations, and being reall
very faithfully attached to his maſter, mad
him extremely anxious to perform an ex
ploit that he knew would do him ſo muc
credit with his Lord. He therefore aga
aſcended the ladder, and ſaw ſhe was on th
bed, and as a candle was burning in the roo
he obſerved one of the panes of glaſs in th
window was broken, and putting his mou
cloſe to it, he called to her as we mentione
before.

CHA

CHAP. III.

In which Fortune is pleaſed to give more alarms to our Heroine.

LORD Melworth had juſt finiſhed relating to her all he knew of theſe events, and they were congratulating each other on her eſcape, when they heard ſomebody with loud imprecations order the poſt-boy to ſtop. Looking out of the window they ſaw Lord Melworth's ſervant defending himſelf againſt two of Mr. Corbet's, while another was riding up to the chaiſe.

Lord Melworth ſeizing his piſtols, jumped out, " Mr. Corbet, (cried he,) deſiſt, or in the cauſe of perſecuted innocence, I ſhall feel myſelf juſtified in any method I take to defend it.

Mr. Corbet ſtarted at the ſight of Lord Melworth. Juſt then Ethelinda ſaw, for the day had broke, two farmer's men with pitchforks on their ſhoulders. " Help, (cried ſhe,) to ſave me good honeſt men, help this gentleman, who will elſe be murdered.—— For heavens ſake defend him,—defend him, (exclaimed ſhe, claſping her hands, and falling on her knees at the carriage door.)

" Ah, by Jove will we, (cried one of the men,) and immediately knocked Mr. Corbet's ſervant off his horſe.

Mr. Corbet cried out, " Damn you my Lord, but I'll be revenged, let what will be the conſequence, you ſhall not triumph." and immediately fired his piſtol at Lord Melworth. The ball going through his hat ſhot off a lock of his hair.

Lord

Lord Melworth flew towards, and ſeized hold of Mr. Corbet, who, finding himſelf diſarmed, and upon the point of being diſmounted, ſpurred his horſe, and damning his ſervants for cowardly raſcals, rode away.

The treacherous valet of a treacherous maſter, now fell on his knees and begged for mercy; declaring that he only acted in obedience to his maſter whom he was bound to obey; but would do any thing to make atonement for what he had done.

Lord Melworth ordered him to be ſecured, and flew to the chaiſe, which had drawn a little out of the road.

He found the poor Ethelinda ſenſeleſs at the bottom of it.—But one of the countrymen who had ſo ſucceſsfully aſſiſted him, offered to fetch ſome water from his cottage which was juſt by. Lord Melworth, half diſtracted, entreated him to make all poſſible haſte. They took Ethelinda out of the carriage, and ſupported her on a graſs bank cloſe

by: The man very ſoon returned from the cottage, and beſides water, ſaid "he had brought ſomething more likely to do the lady good, who ſtands, poor ſoul, continued he, in need of a drop of ſomething better than water."

Lord Melworth was of the ſame opinion, and mixed ſome honeſt gin with the water he gave her.

Ethelinda ſoon opened her eyes, but ſeemed for ſome time ſo confuſed as not to be ſenſible of what had happened;—but when ſhe recollected the cauſe of her diſtreſs, ſhe was ſo much agitated that Lord Melworth thought it abſolutely neceſſary to ſtop at the firſt houſe they came to.

When ſhe was a little recovered, and Lord Melworth had rewarded the honeſt cottager, and aſſured him of further notice, he replaced Ethelinda in the chaiſe, and they purſued their journey.

The

The ſeeing Lord Melworth ſafe gave her ſome relief; but dreading every moment a further purſuit from her vile perſecutor, ſhe made Lord Melworth promiſe to take additional attendants from the place they were to ſtop at, if it were poſſible to procure any.

In about an hour after, they arrived at an inn, from whence, as it was neceſſary to give Ethelinda time to recover herſelf, Lord Melworth determined to ſend a meſſenger on to the Caſtle.

Ethelinda, who was ſuffering the greateſt uneaſineſs from her apprehenſions of what the Ducheſs would feel, inſiſted upon writing herſelf, as ſhe thought a few lines from her, would be the ſureſt means of allaying the fears of her beloved mother. Lord Melworth, not knowing that the Ducheſs was to feel for her as a daughter, and ſeeing that ſhe was ſo terribly harraſſed and fatigued, endeavoured to prevail upon her not to write; but nothing he could ſay could prevent her, and ſhe wrote as follows.

 "Deareſt,

" Deareſt, deareſt Madam,

" That I am ſaved from the worſt of men, " and have eſcaped from the vileſt of plots, " I owe to the conduct of Lord Melworth.

" What you may have ſuffered for me I " tremble to think of; but be aſſured that I " am well, though ſo greatly fatigued that " Lord Melworth inſiſts on my reſting here. " Though unwillingly, I feel it neceſſary to " comply; but ſhall, as ſoon as poſſible, haſten " to aſſure you with what ſincerity I have " the honour and happineſs to be, my deareſt " dear Madam,

" Your ever grateful

" ETHELINDA."

Lord Melworth diſpatched this to the Caſtle, and finding after ſome time that Ethelinda was conſiderably recovered, he could not refrain from availing himſelf of an opportunity he had ſo long ſought for of urging his own pretenſions.

As the converſation of courſe reverted to what had paſſed, Lord Melworth endeavoured

voured to bring forward his own ſubject. "Though, (continued he,) Miſs Claremont I ſhare in all you have ſuffered, yet, may I dare own that, as you are ſafe, perhaps I do not deeply lament what has given me an opportunity I have ſo long, ſo aſſiduouſly, in vain ſought for. Oh! Miſs Claremont, ſay have you not found a letter I preſumed to put into your writing deſk?"

"Yes, (replied Ethelinda,) I did find it—and thank you for the partiality towards me which it expreſſes."

"And is that all the favour you will allow me? Oh! Miſs Claremont, relax from your ſeverity."

"Indeed, (returned Ethelinda, raiſing her eyes towards him with the moſt expreſſive tenderneſs,) I am not—I do not mean to be—I *could* not be ſevere."

"Charming, charming woman, (cried Lord Melworth, reſpectfully ſeizing her hand,) go a little further,—ſay, only ſay you will liſten to my vows; that you will receive them; by ſo doing, be aſſured you ſave me from deſtruction: For Oh! I ſwear to you beloved

Miſs Claremont, that I never will comply with the cruel and unjuſt wiſhes of my family.—Nothing ſhall compel me to ratify plans which my ſoul abhors, are repugnant to my nature, and which would plunge me into an abyſs of miſery. It is true you may reject me.—A falſe idea of honour may impel you to make me a wretch—but, have mercy upon me, adored woman, (continued he,) claſping his hands together, for you alone can ſave me.'——

He ſunk on his knees as he ſpoke.

Poor Ethelinda was almoſt overcome with the conflict ſhe ſuſtained between her promiſe of ſecrecy, and her wiſh to relieve the man ſhe almoſt adored. "Riſe, (cried ſhe in a faultering voice,) and hear me—but tears for ſome moments entirely interrupted her ſpeech.——"Spare me, ſpare me at preſent, and I declare, moſt ſolemnly I declare, that within a week I will converſe with you fully on the ſubject.—I am now too much agitated—and will conſider your preſent acquieſcence

quieſcence as an obligation. At the ſame time be aſſured, (continued ſhe,) that you are not, indeed you are not indifferent to me."

Lord Melworth was tranſported at her manner, and acquieſced in terms of the greateſt gratitude, expreſſing his ardent hopes that ſhe would conſider of what he had ſaid, unbiaſſed by fallacious ideas.

Lord Melworth had of courſe ordered every refreſhment that could haſtily be procured.—And while our poor heroine is eating a morſel, rendered doubly ſweet by the gratitude ſhe felt to her deliverer. We will, in the next chapter, take a view of what paſſed at the Caſtle from the time we left it.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Depictures a variety of agitating ſituations.

AS ſoon as Lord Melworth had ſet off, the Ducheſs, wretched and oppreſſed beyond deſcription, retired to her own apartment to give free vent to maternal feelings, which, conſidering the preſent circumſtances, ſhe judged expedient to conceal under the maſk of friendſhip and humanity. And indeed, had ſhe at this juncture ſpoken of her nearer connection to Ethelinda, Lady Cecilia would only have imagined her brain diſordered.

She

She paſſed a terrible night, with all the horrors that ſuſpenſe and apprehenſion can give

In the morning, which was on a Tueſday, ſhe was ſo ill as to alarm every body, and continued ſo all the day; at night the phyſician ſaid it was abſolutely neceſſary to give her an anodyne draught, and did ſo unknown to her; but fearful of giving too much, he gave too little, ſo that it only tended to increaſe the reſtleſsneſs ſhe ſuffered; and on Wedneſday morning ſhe had a great deal of fever.

No news had then been heard of Ethelinda, and the whole family were in the utmoſt conſternation; even Lady Cecilia and Miſs Corbet put on an air of concern.

The Ducheſs's fever increaſed every minute, and ſhe ſeemed almoſt frantic. Her attendants having often experienced her humanity, would not have wondered at her feeling more than moſt people upon ſuch an occaſion,

occaſion, but the extreme bitterneſs of her grief ſurpriſed them.

About three o'clock a letter was brought to the Ducheſs. Lady Cecilia wiſhed not to have it delivered, ſaying her Grace was too ill to be troubled with any thing; but her woman happening to ſee the direction, knew that it was in Miſs Claremont's hand, and certain that it was the only thing to quiet the Ducheſs's mind, told her of it, at the ſame time mentioning Lady Cecilia's precaution. Oh! heaven, (exclaimed the Ducheſs,) fly, Williams, for the letter, it is cruelty to keep it from me.

Williams obeyed, and the letter was ſoon delivered. "Undraw my curtains, (cried the Ducheſs,)" and ſhe trembled ſo ſhe could hardly open it.—But preſently exclaimed "Thank heaven! thanks be to heaven ſhe is ſafe;—my Ethelinda is ſafe. Gallant Melworth? Yes, you ſhall be rewarded, my Ethelinda ſhall reward you."

Mrs.

Mrs. Williams really began to fear by the violence of the Ducheſs's emotion, and the unintelligible expreſſions ſhe made uſe of, that her head was a little deranged. She told the phyſician ſo, who came in preſently after, and who, induced by that, and other circumſtances, gave her a medicine in which was concealed a very potent doſe of opiate, deſiring that ſhe might not on any account be diſturbed.

The joy ſhe felt at knowing her beloved child was ſafe, and the anxiety to get ſome reſt, in order to be the better able to receive her, made the Ducheſs very willing to comply with their requeſt, and to endeavour to compoſe herſelf. Accordingly her room was darkened again and ſhe prepared to encourage ſleep, though ſhe apprehended that the happineſs ſhe now felt would be as great an enemy to her repoſe, as was the miſery from which ſhe had been juſt relieved; and ſhe was ignorant of the artificial aids that were made uſe of to procure it for her.

But

But while the dormitive drug is ſtealing over her ſenſes, and gently ſuſpending them and her happineſs together, we will go down ſtairs and attend to the reception given by Lady Cecilia to the Duke, who arrived about an hour after the Ducheſs had taken the ſleepy potion.

"I rejoice my dear brother, (cried Lady Cecilia,) at your arrival, what we have ſuffered in conſequence of your abſence cannot eaſily be deſcribed."

"I hope I ſee you well, (replied the Duke,) but I am told the Ducheſs is not ſo, for heaven's ſake tell me directly what is the matter with her.—Where is ſhe?

"She is in bed, (returned Lady Cecilia.)

"In bed! (echoed the Duke,) ſo ill as that? What is the matter?—But I will go to her inſtantly."

"No brother, ſhe is aſleep, and Doctor Norton ſays ſhe muſt on no account be diſturbed.—She has been diſturbed enough indeed.

"Why

"Why what, for heaven's ſake, has been the matter? cried the Duke."

"Why the matter is, that Miſs Claremont choſe on the evening you left us to to take herſelf off, under the appearance of being run away with."

"Where is Melworth? ſaid the Duke"

"That is more than I can tell, (replied Lady Cecilia,) but he is gone in purſuit of the run-a-way lady; my heart miſgives me that he knows pretty well where he ſhall find her."

"But why, (ſaid the Duke,) ſhould ſhe run off in ſuch a manner, if they underſtood one another as you ſuppoſe?"

"Becauſe they do underſtand one another, and they do not chuſe you and ſome others ſhould underſtand them.—Art, my Lord, art; depend upon it ſhe is an unworthy creature; and I wiſh you may never have any further reaſon than my word for believing it. Mind I do not mean to ſay that Lord Melworth is ſeriouſly attached to her—but he has a diſpoſition, that if he has ſuffered himſelf to be drawn into an improper connection, he

he would not eaſily bring himſelf to ſhake off the object, however unworthy, that had led him into it; though attachment perhaps had no great ſhare in the buſineſs."

"But the Ducheſs, (cried the Duke,) ſhe has been greatly affected you ſay."

"Oh, moſt unaccountably.—She has poſitively been half frantic."

"She does not know, (anſwered the Duke,) what an unworthy object ſhe is patronizing; and ſuch an event would neceſſarily be productive of very great uneaſineſs, particularly in a mind like the Ducheſs's; but you ſay ſhe muſt not be diſturbed, or I would immediately inform her of the truth, which would of courſe leſſen her preſent anxiety and regrets."

"The phyſician, (replied Lady Cecilia,) has thought it neceſſary to give her a ſtrong compoſing draught, and till the effects of that are over, ſhe muſt not be diſturbed."

"I will however, (replied the Duke,) juſt go and look at her; but will be careful not to diſturb her. I truſt to heaven her illneſs only

ariſes

ly ariſes from the hurry of ſpirits this deceitful girl has occaſioned,"

The Duke had ſcarcely left the room when Ethelinda entered.

Lord Melworth had ſtopped to ſpeak to one of the ſervants. She had inquired the moment of her arrival, after the Ducheſs, and was greatly terrified at the account given her.

"How is the Ducheſs? (cried ſhe, the inſtant ſhe entered the room where Lady Cecilia and Miſs Corbet were ſitting.)"

"Very dangerouſly ill, (anſwered Lady Cecilia,) owing entirely to *your* conduct."

"To *my* conduct, (repeated Ethelinda.) Oh! heavens, I hope not,—but I will go to her this moment."

"That you muſt not do, (ſaid Lady Cecilia,) do you want to kill her quite?"———"Kill her!"———(here Ethelinda's head grew giddy.)———"What will become of me," (cried ſhe) ſcarcely able to articulate, and ſinking almoſt lifeleſs on a chair.

"She

"She always carries ſalts in her pocket, (ſaid Miſs Corbet,) I will feel for them;" and immediately doing ſo, inſtead of the ſmelling bottle pulled out a little ſhagreen caſe. "What have we here? (cried ſhe opening it,) defend me, mama, only ſee—Lord Melworth's picture, the one you loſt at Langley-Park."

"This is proof poſitive indeed, (replied Lady Cecilia,) proof of every thing, I am glad we have diſcovered the theft; but I own I am all aſtoniſhment."

"It is more than I am, mama, I always told you how it was, and I ſhould not be ſurprized if ſhe was married to him, which to be ſure would mortify one." And ſhe burſt into tears.

"Married, nonſenſe, (cried Lady Cecilia,) how can you talk ſo much like a fool.—No, no, that is very unlikely, and will never be I promiſe you."

In conſequence of this unexpected diſcovery, theſe humane ladies had left our poor heroine to her fate; but now turning towards her

her, they ſaw her open her eyes, and having at the beginning rung for a glaſs of water, the ſervant came in with it. Upon ſwallowing a little ſhe ſoon grew better, and was conſiderably aided by the tears which forced their way to her relief.

The Duke at that moment entered; Ethelinda attempted to riſe, and was going to withdraw.

"Stay ma'am, (cried Lady Cecilia,) you ſeem tolerably recovered."

"I am much better madam, (replied Ethelinda, with ſome degree of diſdain."

"Then (ſaid Lady Cecilia,) you are able to inform us how you came by this picture, which I will ſwear to be the ſame I loſt, while you favoured me with your company at Langley-Park."

The ſight of the picture threw Ethelinda into the greateſt confuſion; ſhe again ſunk on the chair unable to ſpeak. "Melworth's picture," exclaimed the Duke.

"Yes

"Yes my Lord, (replied Lady Cecilia,) we found it in her pocket, ſearching for a ſmelling-bottle."

"Oh! Miſs Claremont, (cried the Duke,) your countenance confeſſes too much;—But retire now, you are not I ſee able to bear your own reproaches, much leſs ours."

"If I had reaſon to fear my own reproaches my Lord, (replied Ethelinda,) I ſhould feel myſelf ſufficiently humbled, without the addition of deſerving yours;—But a time will ſhortly come I hope, when I ſhall be re-inſtated in your good opinion."

"I never witneſſed ſuch matchleſs aſſurance," cried Lady Cecilia.

"Retire ſaid the Duke, till you are ſent for again; but I think it proper to tell you, that you cannot remain here longer than to-morrow, and I muſt inſiſt upon your not attempting to diſturb the Ducheſs."

Ethelinda was on the point of falling on her knees, and revealing every thing to the Duke; but ſhe remembered the Ducheſs's commands, and her anxiety to know how

She

ſhe did, gave her power to get out of the room, though in ſuch an agitation that ſhe was almoſt afraid ſhe ſhould faint again before ſhe got up ſtairs.

As faſt as her trembling limbs would carry her, ſhe haſtened to liſten at the Ducheſs's door, though ſhe was ordered not to enter it.

The Ducheſs, who had juſt awoke, was inquiring if Ethelinda was returned, and being anſwered in the affirmative, ſhe ordered her woman to go for her immediately.

Mrs. Williams opened the door to obey her lady, as Ethelinda had juſt reached it, holding by the door-poſt ſcarcely able to ſupport herſelf, and endeavouring to liſten if ſhe could hear any thing that paſſed in her beloved mother's chamber; the opening of the door very near threw her down, and the ſound of the Ducheſs's voice went to her heart. "I was going for you, Miſs Claremont, (ſaid Mrs. Williams) by her Grace's orders."

"Is the dear girl there? (cried the Ducheſs) come to me my love."

Ethelinda, as ſoon as her enfeebled frame would ſuffer it, reached the bed-ſide, and ſunk down on her knees ſobbing with agitation.—Neither of them could ſpeak. And the Duke at this moment entered.

He approached the bed-ſide, and ſeeing Ethelinda who was unable to riſe, ſternly ſaid "What is the reaſon of your preſuming to intrude yourſelf here contrary to my orders? retire this moment."

She caught hold of his coat, and looking up in his face, with the tears running down hers,———claſped her hands together; but could not articulate a word.

He ſeemed moved.—What human heart could have been otherwiſe?—But immediately, as if aſhamed of his feelings, peeviſhly ſaid

ſaid, "This will not do; you are unworthy of compaſſion."

The Ducheſs ſtarting up in her bed exclaimed "Forbear, Oh! forbear my Lord——She is—indeed ſhe is—*your* child."——

The Duke ſtarted; but in an inſtant recovering himſelf, and believing the Ducheſs delirious, earneſtly deſired her to compoſe herſelf. "I am, (replied the Ducheſs) ſufficiently compoſed to explain what I have for ſome time concealed on your account, fearing the conſequence of a diſcovery ſo important while your health was ſo indifferent; but it muſt be concealed no longer, her ſafety, even her life, may depend upon it.——Sit down by me, and prepare yourſelf to hear wonders, and to receive unlooked for bleſſings,——and joy that almoſt overwhelms me."

The Duke appeared like a ſtatue. At laſt he exclaimed, "*My* child, it is impoſſible."

"It is as true, (returned the Ducheſs) as your exiſtence. She is our child that we confided to nurſe Hoſkins."

"She died of the ſmall-pox," replied the Duke.

"There has been the fatal miſtake, (anſwered the Ducheſs,) it was another child whom ſhe nurſed at the ſame time, who died; this our child owed her eſcape to the being at that time with Lady Falkner. I now remember hearing of her having adopted ſome poor friendleſs child."

"But how does it appear to have been ours, the letter, (continued the Duke,) the letter you left."

"That letter (returned the Ducheſs) was accidentally burnt, before the time had arrived for opening it."

But our child "cried the Duke trembling as he ſpoke,) had a very particular red ſpot on her right ſhoulder."

"So ſhe has." replied the Ducheſs.——

The Duke attempted to ſpeak, but his words died in utterance; and he fell back in his chair.

Ethelinda had been kneeling by the ſide of the bed with claſped hands, in an agony

not to be deſcribed; but ſeeing the Duke ſo affected, ſhe aroſe and flew to him.—He ſtretched out his arms, and ſhe threw herſelf into them, but quite overcome ſunk down on her knees.

They were both unable to utter a word for ſome time. At laſt the Duke burſt into a violent flood of tears. The Ducheſs who already felt better from the ſight of her Ethelinda, had power to ſooth them both.

She related every particular that ſhe knew to the Duke, and then deſired from Ethelinda an account of every thing that had happened to her ſince ſhe had been carried away. But the Duke thinking the Ducheſs greatly fatigued by her exertions, inſiſted upon her compoſing herſelf, while he retired with his daughter to his library, that he might at leiſure hear the particulars of her wonderful ſtory.

The Ducheſs, though unwillingly, conſented upon their promiſing to return to her ſoon.

CHAP. V.

In which, if our Readers are not pleaſed, we fear it is not in our power to pleaſe them.

WHEN the Duke had attentively liſtened to the whole of Ethelinda's ſtory, he kiſſed her, and ſobbed over her for an hour; he ſeemed incapable of parting with her out of his ſight; but at laſt was ſo overcome, that finding himſelf in need of quiet "Go my deareſt love, (ſaid he,) I find I muſt be ſome time alone to recover myſelf; meet me half an hour hence in the Pavilion. "That PAVILION (ſaid the Duke,) which was the place where the bleſſed diſcovery

was

was made, ſhall hence forward be *ſacred*. It ſhall be magnificently adorned my Ethelinda, with every emblem that can expreſs the ſentiments of your father. It ſhall be conſecrated to the feelings of a parent, where gratitude ſhall annually pour forth its particular thanks to heaven, on the return of that bleſſed day on which we diſcovered our child.—Your mother, you, my Ethelinda, and all our houſe will, on our knees in that place, return our grateful thanks to heaven!—while my name is held in remembrance by poſterity, while future generations claim kindred to me, that PAVILION ſhall ſtand a monument of my gratitude for the recovery of you;—meet me there, in half an hour, the walk will do you good; we will then have ſome further converſation; but mind you are to be no longer in obſcurity; in future every honor due to your virtues ſhall be yours.—The attachment, bluſh not my child that I have evident proofs of it, between you and Lord Melworth is delightful to me; had I found you, and found you had acted unworthily, or, had formed an improper at-

tachment, it would have poiſoned the happineſs I now feel;—but as it is, my joy (continued he, the tears ſtreaming down his manly face,) is ſo extreme, I hardly know how to bear it.——Give me one kiſs my ſweet love, and leave me."

Ethelinda, in tranſport obeyed her father, and flew to the Ducheſs's apartment.

She found her compoſed, and evidently conſiderably better; but Ethelinda, finding that the Ducheſs could not reſiſt talking more than was proper for her, made the excuſe, ſooner than was neceſſary, of being to meet her father, that ſhe might prevail upon her beloved mother to endeavour to compoſe herſelf. She wiſhed to have ſtayed with her till the moment of her appointment, but found that, while ſhe was in the room, the Ducheſs could not help exerting herſelf too much: She therefore left it, and having retired for a ſhort time to her own apartment, and compoſed her ſpirits a little, ſhe went to meet her father in the Pavilion.

The

The Duke, as he was going there, met Lord Melworth, but ſeeing Lady Cecilia and Miſs Corbet at a diſtance turned another way, deſiring his lordſhip to be in the Pavilion in a quarter of an hour, when he would meet him. The diſguſt he had juſt received at his ſiſter's conduct was ſo ſtrong, though Ethelinda had but ſlightly touched upon ſome of the moſt atrocious parts of it, that he would not ſee her, till he had recollected himſelf, and determined upon what meaſures to take The Duke avoided her, but Lord Melworth, who knew nothing more of what had paſſed than having heard from his valet, that there had been a violent buſtle about Miſs Claremont, was very eager for the particulars, and went to join Lady Cecilia and Miſs Corbet.

The remains of violent anger were depicted on Lady Cecilia's countenance, and diſappointment on Miſs Corbet's. They had now, from the picture ſcene, no doubt of there being a ſecret connection between Lord Melworth and Miſs Claremont. "So, cried

Lady Cecilia, your Lordſhip has made a pretty piece of work. I little thought of what I have now diſcovered; but I muſt ſay that I think you act very unworthily by the whole family, in carrying on a connexion with ſuch a creature in *this* houſe, and bringing her back again into it."

Lord Melworth was thunder-ſtruck; he knew not what Lady Cecilia meant, and told her that ſhe muſt ſpeak a little plainer, before he could underſtand her.

She ſoon did ſo in the moſt violent manner, and in terms not the moſt ſoft or polite. "But, added ſhe, the lady goes off immediately, this is her laſt day's reſidence here, ſhe will diſgrace this houſe no longer;—perhaps your lordſhip will ſoon follow her."

"That I moſt undoubtedly ſhall madam, anſwered he, and it will be her own fault if ſhe is not ſoon in a ſituation beyond the reach of envy and uncharitableneſs: She has been moſt cruelly perſecuted, and moſt wickedly inſulted."

"But,

"But, (cried Lady Cecilia, endeavouring to be more cool,) remember my Lord, in the height of your intoxication, that it will not be in your power, place her in what ſituation you will, to recover her reputation."

"It is not within the reach of the utmoſt cruelty and malice madam, returned Lord Melworth, to ſtigmatize with any effect, *her* reputation. The ſame Providence which has reſcued her from the cruelty and perfidy of the ſon, will ſave her from the malice of the mother. I thank you for the intelligence you have given me, and now haſten to find this much injured and faultleſs creature, upon whom my very exiſtence depends."

He immediately quitted them, but recollecting the Duke's requeſt, reſolved to meet him in the Pavilion, and openly declare his ſentiments. He perceived that Lady Cecilia did not know it was her ſon who had taken Ethelinda away, and was uncertain whether the Duke and Ducheſs yet knew of it. Lord Melworth concluding that the active part he had taken in her riſcue, would be attributed

to the ſcore of his own attachment to her; tho' the Ducheſs herſelf had ſanctioned his purſuit, was convinced that the Duke would take immediate means for parting him from Ethelinda, and he therefore determined immediately to avow his reſolutions. The cruelty with which, in his opinion, ſhe was oppreſſed, increaſed his attachment, if it were poſſible a paſſion ſo fervent as his was capable of increaſe; at any rate it decided him as to the part he would act. He well knew the formidable oppoſition he ſhould meet with from his mother, but he felt that even exiſtence was not deſirable to him without Ethelinda; and he hoped if he could gain over the Duke, that he ſhould bring his mother, who doted upon him, to conſent. He reſolved to try every method to obtain her concurrence; but if ſhe refuſed it from motives of pride, he thought, as the happineſs of his life was at ſtake, he ſhould be excuſable for diſobedience: but he trembled at the idea of Ethelinda's firmneſs, he believed her immovable where ſhe thought it her duty to be ſo, and he feared his own powers of perſuaſion on this

this point. The Ducheſs's late conduct and uncommon tender behaviour to Ethelinda gave him hopes of finding an advocate in her, and he flattered himſelf that when the Duke ſaw the conſtancy of his attachment, and that his reſolution was ſo fixed that all oppoſition would be in vain, he might give up the point, and aſſiſt in ſoftening Lady Beaufort's inflexibility. This he knew to be next to a forlorn hope, but he reſolved to try it, and accordingly to the Pavilion he haſtened, but ſo abſorbed in thought that he entered it without looking up, when he did ſo, he beheld, inſtead of the Duke, his adored Ethelinda. "Deareſt of women, cried he, on whom my every comfort and my life depends, have I the happineſs of finding you alone?—deign now to hear me, and to liſten to my intreaties that you will ſtay no longer in this houſe, where you are ſo cruelly expoſed to injuries and inſult;—truſt yourſelf with me,—it is not ſafe for you to go unprotected, I will convey you to any place you moſt approve; and Oh! let me hope, ſince you have kindly acknowledged ſome regard for me,

me, that you will not refuſe to give me a right by the moſt ſacred ties, to protect you. Forgive the preſumption of my requeſt, I am driven to deſpair.—Oh! Miſs Claremont, I cannot part with you, miſery and death would inevitably follow ſuch a ſacrifice; who then can have a right to demand it of me? not my friends—they muſt wiſh to ſee me happy, and be aſſured, though, from falſe pride, they may be at firſt offended, they will in a ſhort time adore you for your goodneſs in giving life and happineſs to one who muſt otherwiſe ſoon be deprived of both."———

He ſunk on his knees before her, and took hold of one of her hands which he wetted with his tears.

Ethelinda found, and not without ſecret pleaſure, that he had not been informed of the change in her ſituation. She felt for him every degree of tenderneſs that he could wiſh; yet determined not to reveal the late occurrence herſelf, but leave it to the Duke, who, ſhe knew, was ſupremely happy in her at-

tachment to Lord Melworth. "Riſe my Lord, (ſaid Ethelinda,) I will no longer deny (continued ſhe bluſhing) the place you have in my heart. I will go ſtill further, I will ſay my affections are your's: I will never marry any other man; but when I have ſaid that, I muſt likewiſe add, that I will never be your's without the Duke and Ducheſs's conſent, as well as Lady Beaufort's."

"Depend upon it, cried Lord Melworth they will joyfully give their approbation afterwards, if not before."

"No, replied Ethelinda, their conſent muſt come firſt, more I cannot promiſe, nor ought you to deſire. Have I not aſſured you of my regard."

"Regard," (cried Lord Melworth,) Oh! what a cold ſentiment is regard."

"So it is," (exclaimed a voice from without,) "and what ſhe would feel for her grandmother."

They both ſtarted, and in came Miſs Lyttleton. "So, ſo, cried ſhe, your ladyſhip is always, I find to be the miſchief-maker

ker every where. I only arrived five minutes ago, and find you have thrown the whole houſe into confuſion; but I muſt not diſobey orders; and here comes the Duke."

Away ſhe flew like lightning, before either Ethelinda or Lord Melworth had in any degree recovered themſelves, or had had time to anſwer her.

"Oh! Ethelinda, (cried Lord Melworth,) before the Duke comes in, relent from your cruel reſolution.—Save me, ſave me from deſpair. The Duke and Ducheſs have no right to interfere: My mother even, though I owe her every reſpect, has not a right to ſay that I muſt be for ever wretched, and to perſevere in an inflexibility, which, if I yielded to, would doom me to deſtruction. By heaven they ought not, they ſhall not uſurp an arbitrary authority, nor ſhall they, or the united world prevent our union.—Oh! Ethelinda, you are not inſenſible to my love, to my adoration, to my ſufferings.—Say but that you will be mine

mine and no power on earth ſhall tear you from me."

"But, (ſaid Ethelinda,) you miſtake in thinking that the Duke uſurps an improper authority, you have much to learn, and a very ſhort time will unravel a myſtery."

"What myſtery? (exclaimed Lord Melworth,) keep me no longer in ſuſpence."

"I can only repeat, (anſwered Ethelinda,) that, without his conſent I never can, never will be your's.

Juſt then the Duke entered, "My life, my Ethelinda, my daughter." (cried the Duke, taking Ethelinda in his arms.)

"*Your* daughter," repeated Lord Melworth.

"Yes, (anſwered the Duke,) I am indeed her father, her bleſſed, her happy father; and I ſhall rejoice to be your's too my Lord."

"What can this mean, (cried Lord Melworth,) ſurely I am not in my ſenſes; not half an hour ago I was told your Grace had turned her out of doors.—Now I hear you acknowledge her as your child. Explain this myſtery,

myſtery, but Oh! ſuffer her to be mine, I can have no greater bleſſing."

"She ſhall be your's, excellent young man, ſuppoſing you will not like her the worſe for being my daughter. But ſit down, compoſe yourſelf, and liſten to an explanation that brings unlooked for happineſs to my evening of life. For her beloved mother I tremble, leſt her joy ſhould be more than her tender conſtitution can bear; but we muſt endeavour for all our ſakes to moderate it."

The Duke then explained to the aſtoniſhed Lord Melworth the whole myſtery. "My ſiſter knows not of this event, (continued he,) ſhe deſerves to be lowered, to be humbled. However I hope her conduct has proceeded more from error of judgment than any worſe motive, aided perhaps by the envy and jealouſy of her daughter. You muſt appear before her in your proper character my love to day."

Ethelinda wiſhed to be excuſed; but the Duke inſiſted upon it, and of courſe ſhe promiſed to obey.

It

It was then agreed that ſhe ſhould return to the Ducheſs till dinner was ready and then make her appearance. "Miſs Lyttleton has been here I find, (ſaid the Duke,) I only ſaw her for a few minutes, but the Ducheſs had informed her of our happineſs, at the ſame time charging her to keep it ſecret till I revealed it. She will gladly join I believe, in any ſcheme to mortify the Corbet family, whom, for ſome reaſon that I know not, I find ſhe cordially hates."

"Was Miſs Lyttleton expected Sir?" ſaid Ethelinda.

"No my love, not for ſome time; but ſhe changed her plans, and——however, I muſt not reveal her ſecrets. She has a great deal to tell us by and bye. I wiſh to ſpeak to her, and will therefore leave Melworth to conduct you to the Caſtle."

Away went the happy Duke, and in a moment the tranſported Melworth was again at Ethelinda's feet. Say, Oh! ſay, adored woman, that I am not indifferent to you, that it

it is not to the Duke's wiſhes I owe my preſent happineſs."

"Yes, (replied Ethelinda, giving him her hand and ſmiling,) it is to the Duke's wiſhes that you owe what you are pleaſed to call your preſent happineſs; for, without his conſent, I muſt have remained miſerable in being ſeparated from the only man I ever did, or ever can love."

She ſunk on his ſhoulders as ſhe made this confeſſion.

"Bleſſed, bleſſed moment, (exclaimed Lord Melworth,) Oh! Ethelinda, your happineſs cannot equal mine, I ſcarcely wiſh it ſhould, for it is almoſt more than I can bear."

He took her in his arms and imprinted a fervent kiſs on her glowing cheek; a liberty ſhe very ſoon forgave. But ſhe now inſiſted upon returning to the Caſtle, that ſhe might go to the Ducheſs, who ſhe was ſure by this time would begin to be impatient for her return.

When

When all the ladies of the party, excepting the Ducheſs and Ethelinda, were aſſembled before dinner, Lady Cecilia aſked Miſs Lyttleton "If the pleaſure of her company at the Caſtle was not rather unexpected."

"Why yes, (returned Miſs Lyttleton,) I have caſt out, and figured about a little to be ſure in my journey; but I wiſhed to get here, and have cut ſhort ſome, and entirely ſet aſide other leſs agreeable viſits. But I did not know that I ſhould have the pleaſure to meet our old friend Miſs Claremont. She is more charming if poſſible than ever, don't your Ladyſhip think ſo; don't you think ſhe looks divinely, Miſs Corbet?"

"I never thought her ſo very charming," replied Miſs Corbet. "And I believe, added Lady Cecilia, *you* will not now long think her ſo."

"She was always a favourite of Miſs Lyttleton's, (cried Miſs Corbet with a ſneer,) but I fancy ſhe will ſoon be otherwiſe."

"Yes, ſhe was always a favourite of mine, I had only the gentlemen on my ſide, though they were one and all with me."

"Come,

"Come, come, this is not a proper ſubject now, (ſaid Lady Cecilia,) Miſs Lyttleton, (turning to her daughter,) knows not how things are circumſtanced at preſent."

Juſt then the Duke entered. "I have a new relation, Lady Cecilia, (ſaid the Duke,) to introduce to you and my niece."

"A new relation! echoed both in a breath; who is it? but pray (continued Lady Cecilia, lowering her voice,) is that *abandoned* girl gone?"

"*Abandoned girl!* (replied the Duke careleſsly,) it is at an end with Miſs Claremont."

"High time it ſhould be, (ſaid Lady Cecilia,) I hope the Ducheſs will ſoon be convinced what an artful creature ſhe was, and how unworthy her protection."

"Miſs Claremont unworthy! (cried Miſs Lyttleton,) I'll be anſwerable for her with my life. She is the moſt excellent of heaven's works, and I almoſt adored her; though I blamed her in ſome reſpects at Langley-Park."

"There was enough to blame, indeed," returned Lady Cecilia."

"Yes,

"Yes, ſaid Miſs Lyttleton, there was enough to cenſure, enough to diſguſt one in thoſe circles."

"I don't quite underſtand you, Miſs Lyttleton, (returned Lady Cecilia,) you ſo openly proclaim yourſelf the champion for Miſs Claremont, that I cannot pay that deference to your judgment I ſhould otherwiſe wiſh to do. But who (continued Lady Cecilia turning to the Duke,) is this new relation my Lord, I am impatient to know."

The door at this inſtant opened, and in came our heroine, attended by Lord Melworth.

The Duke advancing to her, and taking her hand——"Lady Ethelinda Morton, (ſaid he, preſenting her to Lady Cecilia,)—This is *my* daughter, Miſs Corbet, (turning towards her.)"

Exceſſive aſtoniſhment had filled the countenances of both the ladies. "Lady Ethelinda

Ethelinda Morton," exclaimed they at the ſame inſtant.

"Yes madam, (replied the Duke, addreſſing Lady Cecilia,) Lady Ethelinda Morton. The young lady whom you treated with ſuch *kindneſs* and *humanity*, is no longer Miſs Claremont, a poor, deſerted, friendleſs orphan; but my daughter, whoſe loſs I have long and ſeverely deplored; and is now, by the goodneſs of Providence, moſt unexpectedly reſtored to me."

Lady Cecilia coloured, then turned pale, and trembling ſunk down on the ſofa; but could not utter a word. Miſs Corbet burſt into tears.

"A pretty reception truly, (exclaimed the Duke,) but do not regard it my dear, you need not now run away from theſe ladies, you are no longer at their mercy."

Lady Cecilia ſeemed almoſt ready to choke; at laſt her words found utterance, and ſhe exclaimed "This muſt be ſome groſs impoſition. How is it poſſible ſhe can be your daughter

daughter, my Lord; I never heard of your having one."

"But that circumſtance does not render ſuch an event the leſs poſſible, ſiſter; and, as I am perfectly ſatisfied with the proof I have of her being ſo, no one, I preſume, will doubt the truth of it—and no words can expreſs the joy I feel at the diſcovery.—Dear injured excellence (exclaimed he, in a tranſport) come to thy father's heart."

Vexation, mortified pride, diſappointed love, and a variety of contending paſſions, operated ſo ſtrongly on the mind of Miſs Corbet, that, unable to ſtruggle againſt them, ſhe was ſeized with a violent fit of hyſtericks.

Ethelinda, with great eagerneſs, and Miſs Lyttleton with as great indifference, went to her aſſiſtance. It was ſome time before ſhe, in any degree, recovered, and then ſhe begged to retire.

Before Lady Cecilia withdrew, the Duke ſaid, "Siſter, let me ſay a few words to you. Your behaviour, and your daughter's, have been moſt blameable; your ſon's, wicked and abominable; but the nearneſs of our connexion creates in me a feeling towards you that you little deſerve.—Were I to give way to juſtice upon this occaſion, there would be an end of all friendly intercourſe between us, and the reaſons for it would be given to the world; but Lady Ethelinda is your advocate: She, as well as the Ducheſs and myſelf, are aware how deſpicable your conduct, if the particulars of it were known, would make you appear in the eyes of the world—a world which you love too well to be indifferent about. It will, however, be your own fault, if the diſgraceful part of your behaviour ſhould ever become generally known. As to your ſon, his conduct has been ſuch, that I cannot bring myſelf to ſee him at preſent; adviſe him to purſue his intention of going abroad, and let him remain there for ſome time."

"I am too much agitated," returned Lady Cecilia, "to reflect juſt now, though

do not ſee wherein my ſon or I have injured Miſs Claremont."

"Lady Ethelinda," interrupted the Duke.

"Well, Lady Ethelinda, if it be ſo," continued Lady Cecilia; "I ſay I do not ſee what ſhe has to complain of againſt me, or my ſon.—If I were deceived, I can't help that."

"We will not, for your ſake," replied the Duke, "diſcuſs the affair particularly juſt now."

"Well," returned Lady Cecilia, "my daughter is ſo unwell, that I am ſure ſhe cannot dine below. If ſhe ſhould be better, we will come down again in the evening."

"That may be as you pleaſe," anſwered the Duke;—upon which Lady Cecilia and Miſs Corbet retired to their own apartment; and dinner being ſoon after announced, the Duke deſired Lady Ethelinda to take her mother's place at the table.

The domeſtics looked all aſtoniſhment; and the Duke, obſerving it, very graciouſly

turning to them, ſaid, "My ſervants, in this lady I have found a long-loſt and lamented daughter. I need ſay no more, to be certain of your all partaking of my happineſs, which I deſire may be ſhewn, by every mark of reſpectful joy, throughout the Caſtle."

Joy, indeed, ſo completely filled every boſom, that the dinner was but little attended to.

CHA

CHAP. VII.

The arrival of ſome perſons who cannot be expected—and ſuch behaviour, in others, as may be expected.

THE Duke and Lord Melworth did not ſeem to hear, ſee, or attend to any thing but Ethelinda.

Miſs Lyttleton, when the ſervants had retired, whiſpered Lord Melworth, that Capt. Aſhley, in conſequence of an invitation from the Duke, would ſoon, ſhe believed, make his appearance at the Caſtle.—"I knew not," continued ſhe, turning to Ethelinda, "whom I was to meet here, or I am inclined to think

I ſhould have deſired Captain Aſhley to ſtay where he is."

"Captain Aſhley!" repeated Ethelinda.

"Ah! Captain Aſhley!" replied Miſs Lyttleton.—"When he came to Langley Park, a conſiderable time after you went away, he met with me.—I did not know how his heart ſtood; but Mr. Corbet, having taken care to make his own impreſſions on him with regard to you, he choſe to pay ſome attentions to your humble ſervant;—and I don't ſcruple to own, that I ſoon liked him better than I thought I ever could do any one of thoſe beings who ſeem principally created as the torments of our ſex.—We met afterwards at Briſtol, and other places; and he ſwears to me that he will love, honour, and obey—and I am half inclined to try him; unleſs my couſin there, Lord Melworth, has a mind, for a frolic, to make a trifling change—and let you have your old love—and take me in your ſtead;—it might be wiſeſt, perhaps—for ſome people ſay *firſt loves* are never worn out."

"*Firſt*

"*Firſt loves!*" cried Lord Melworth.

"Ah! there it is, now," exclaimed Miſs Lyttleton—"Jealous already."

"No," replied Ethelinda, ſmiling, "I have made a declaration too lately for him to forget, which makes it impoſſible for even your wit to be miſchievous upon this occaſion, though I have often experienced the force of it;—even from the little I knew of Captain Aſhley, I reſpected him, and rejoice at your and his good fortune."

"That's very prettily ſaid; but it's ten to one, I believe—and I'm ſure you think ſo—but I plague the poor man's heart out."

"You give yourſelf a character," anſwered Ethelinda:—"I would rebuke any one for ſaying you deſerved——for I truſt your own heart is too good to ſuffer you unneceſſarily to torment his."

Miſs Lyttleton, with a very arch and doubting look, was going to reply, when a ſervant came in, and ſaid, that two old gentlemen inquired for Miſs Claremont.

"Two old gentlemen!" repeated Ethelinda.

"Shew them in, whoever they are," ſaid the Duke.

They were immediately introduced, and in a moment Ethelinda flew into the arms of one of them. The Duke looked greatly ſurpriſed.

"Oh! it is—it is, indeed," exclaimed Ethelinda, "my ever reſpected dear friend, Mr. Hall."

"My Ethelinda! my child!" cried the old man, ſobbing, and the tears running down his venerable face; "do I ſee you well?—I am ſure you look ſo.—Oh! (continued he) how much uneaſineſs I have ſuffered on your account;—but ſay, do I find you well, and happy?"

"Ah! my ever valued friend," returned Ethelinda, "far beyond what I deſerve."

"But at all events," replied Mr. Hall, "I now come to give you affluence and an aſylum, and to diſcover ſuch a ſcene of wickedneſs!

wickedneſs!—that baſe Lady Cecilia—I muſt call her baſe, has defrauded—has robbed you.—I ſuſpected it all along—and now we have ample proof."

Ethelinda turned pale.—The Duke, begging her to be compoſed, ſaid, "I now find, Sir, who it is I have the pleaſure of ſeeing. Your dear pupil is now diſcovered to be my daughter—that young lady to whom you ſhewed ſo much kindneſs, and who has obligations to you, that neither ſhe nor I can ever repay—is my daughter: Judge, then, how truly happy I am to ſee you in my houſe."

"In your houſe!—Pardon me, Sir.—Then you are the Duke of Sutherland?"

"I am, Sir, and ————."

Poor Mr. Hall could not ſpeak a ſingle word;—he ſunk into a chair, and changed countenance ſo much as to alarm every one. Ethelinda cried, "Oh! my father—my dear ſecond father;" and flying to the table, ſhe poured out a glaſs of wine, and got a little of it into his mouth.—He ſoon re-

covered himſelf—and claſping her in his arms, he uttered an ejaculation of thankſgiving; and then raiſing his voice—"Virtue," ſaid he, "now meets it's reward, even in this world.—Oh! I have heard of the hardſhips you have endured, and I came, little thinking in what a ſituation I ſhould find you—to afford you the beſt aſylum in my power to offer you—to adopt you as my own daughter—and to ſpend the few remaining days I have left, in your loved ſociety."

"And ſo you ſhall," replied the Duke; "venerable and reſpected man—my Ethelinda ſhall be your Ethelinda—ſhe ſhall be as much your daughter as mine—Our paſſage to the grave ſhall be rendered eaſy and happy, in the contemplation of thoſe virtues, and that excellence ſhe ſo eminently poſſeſſes, and to which you have ſo greatly contributed—and, 'till one of us arrive at the end of that paſſage, we will part no more."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ethelinda, throwing herſelf upon her knees between them, "may all gracious Heaven enable me to bear, as I ought

ought to do, the bleſſings it ſhowers down upon me."

The Duke raiſed, and embraced her fervently.—When they were a little compoſed, Mr. Hall alluded to the circumſtance he had hinted at, which was relative to Lady Falkner's will—but he heſitated, and ſeemed perplexed in what manner to proceed, from delicacy towards the Duke, who, perceiving that ſomething very material was unexplained, deſired Mr. Hall to be explicit, as it was neceſſary he ſhould be acquainted with every particular.—Mr. Hall then made no further difficulty.

The old man with him was the lawyer who had made it, and carried it, with an additional codicil to be ſigned, on the very morning Lady Falkner was ſeized with her laſt illneſs. Upon Mr. Hall's ſuſpicions, he made inquiries of him, and the truth, which had never before been inveſtigated, came out. Dr. Nelſon, the phyſician, as we have before mentioned, happened to be

with Lady Falkner at the time Mr. Grey, the lawyer, brought the will, and was one of the witneſſes to it.—She had ſcarcely put it into her eſcritoir, when ſhe was ſeized with the fit, and ſhe never had her ſenſes afterwards.

When theſe circumſtances were put together, and Mr. Grey, who lived at a great diſtance, heard the contents of the exiſting will, it appeared to him that there muſt have been ſome foul play.—Mr. Hall likewiſe ſearched out Mrs. Gregſon, the houſe-keeper, who, having been neglected by Lady Cecilia, very readily told Mr. Hall all ſhe knew, and all ſhe ſuſpected, excepting that ſhe concealed from him her own readineſs to have aſſiſted in the infernal plot. She likewiſe produced the half burnt fragments of the paper ſhe took out of the fire, when Lady Cecilia was ſo unopportunely interrupted by the arrival of Sir James and her ſon.

The

The Duke was exceſſively ſhocked, but determined to ſee his ſiſter, and, in ſome degree, to let his conduct towards her be regulated by her own behaviour. He accordingly ſent her word, that he wiſhed to ſpeak with her, and would wait upon her in her own apartment; and, having her leave, he immediately went there.

"I am come, ſiſter," ſaid he, "to explain any doubts you may have upon your mind relative to Ethelinda's being my daughter—though it is not neceſſary, I have my reaſons for chuſing to do ſo.

"In the firſt place (continued the Duke) you muſt remember, that my attachment to Miſs Harcourt began long before I firſt went to join my regiment abroad.—My whole ſoul wrapped up in her, and conſcious that my father would never agree to my marrying a woman, though of a noble family, with ſo ſmall a fortune, I determined to marry without his conſent.—Her attachment to me, joined to her brother's friendſhip, who not only gave his conſent, but urged her compliance,

compliance, at laſt determined her to yield to my entreaties, and a private marriage took place.—Her father and mother had been dead ſome time, and ſhe had only her brother to conſult. About a year after our marriage, ſhe was privately delivered of Ethelinda, and, very ſoon after, the regiment, in which her brother and I both were, was ordered abroad, where that worthy young man ſoon afterwards died.—The leaving her at home, and leaving her unprotected, I could not bring myſelf to think of—To take the infant with us, was ſtill more impoſſible.—It was neceſſary our marriage ſhould remain a ſecret 'till ſome favourable occurrence happened to break it to my father, of whoſe violence and inflexibility you have ſeen and experienced many proofs.—It was therefore determined, that my wife ſhould leave the child under the care of her old ſervant, who was married, and ſettled in the north.—She carried her there herſelf;—and, with a letter, that was to be opened, as you have heard, after a certain time; but it was accidentally burnt before that time arrived.

rived.—Mrs. Hoſkins dying, and a tradeſman's child, who was likewiſe under her care, dying alſo, occaſioned the miſtake, that had nearly proved ſo fatal.—But our child we ſhould have known, had we found her at the extremity of the world, by a particular mark, which, providentially, ſhe has on her right ſhoulder.—I have, I truſt (continued the Duke) cleared away every doubt you could have of Ethelinda's being really my daughter, and I muſt now expect as full an account from you, of ſome circumſtances more in your power to explain, than that of any other perſon."

"And pray what are thoſe?" ſaid Lady Cecilia, in a haughty tone.

"To what was it owing, that Ethelinda, after having been ſo long protected by Lady Falkner, who always ſhewed towards her the affection of a mother, was at laſt left almoſt pennyleſs?"

"Owing to Lady Falkner's changing her opinion of her to be ſure, and thinking her leſs deſerving than ſhe had done."

"Was

"Was that the caſe," cried the Duke:—"Are you ſure there was no other reaſon?"

"What other ſhould there be," anſwered Lady Cecilia;—or, if there were, how ſhould I know it?"

"I believe," replied the Duke, looking ſternly at her, "you are the only perſon who does know why ſo ſudden a change, and ſo extraordinary an event, took place."

Lady Cecilia ſhrunk from the Duke's penetrating eye, and replied, "that it was of little conſequence now."

"It is always of conſequence to have the truth diſcovered," anſwered the Duke.—It is a luminary, ſiſter, that will make it's way through the darkeſt abyſs, even though it may have been encloſed there by the demons of malice and avarice themſelves."

Lady Cecilia felt an unpleaſant thrill—but recovered, upon believing a diſcovery, of what ſhe moſt dreaded, impoſſible.

"Where is the will?" cried the Duke, looking ſteadily at her, "which Lady Falkner made?

made?—at leaſt added a codicil to it on the morning ſhe was ſeized with the fit that afterwards proved fatal—and which codicil was brought by her lawyer, and witneſſed by her phyſician a few minutes before ſhe was taken ill."

Lady Cecilia trembled.—"How ſhould I know?"

"Siſter," ſaid the Duke, "no more evaſion; diſgrace yourſelf no further.—Oh! ſhameful deed!"

"What deed, brother, do you——do you——I am ſure."

"Hold!" cried the Duke;—"we have ſo much proof of your guilt, that even your life is forfeited."

"And who has dared?" exclaimed Lady Cecilia, almoſt gaſping for breath——.

"You have dared, ſiſter," replied the Duke, "to do a deed that makes you amenable to the laws of your country;—a felonious act, that levels you with the greateſt criminals;—the puniſhment hangs over your head, which would, at the ſame time, bring juſtice on you, and diſgrace on your family.

Lady

Lady Cecilia turned pale.—She dropped on her knees;—but in an inſtant ſtarting up, "Who ſays this?" exclaimed ſhe;—who dare accuſe me?"

"Wicked woman," cried the Duke—"your conduct now is too much of a piece with what is paſt.—Know then, that the lawyer is now in the houſe who made the will, which you intended to deſtroy, but failed in the attempt, and the remains of it are likewiſe here in proof againſt you, ſaved by Mrs. Gregſon from the flames. The phyſician is ready to take his oath, of having ſigned the codicil a few minutes only before Lady Falkner was ſeized with the fit, from which ſhe never recovered.

Lady Cecilia ſhook with terror, and again fell upon her knees, where ſhe now choſe to remain long enough to implore the Duke's pardon.—She endeavoured to palliate her conduct, but the Duke would not hear her.

"Twenty

"Twenty thouſand pounds," ſaid the Duke, "is the ſum of which you deprived Ethelinda."

"Sir James will refund it," ſtammered out Lady Cecilia.

"Ethelinda," replied the Duke, "wants it not; but ſhe ſhall make ſome others happy with it, who deſerve to be ſo. If you obey my orders, I will ſave you from the puniſhment you deſerve; but you muſt quit England—nor return to it without my permiſſion.—I feel for Sir James, who, I am perſuaded, had nothing to do in this black buſineſs.—I give you 'till to-morrow to quit my houſe.—Your daughter I may, at ſome future period, receive again.—Sir James I ſhall write to.—Your ſon's crimes are, if poſſible, even greater than your's; he muſt accompany you abroad; or, at any rate, go out of this kingdom."

Lady Cecilia was now, in really a pitiable ſituation; paſſion ſeized her whole frame;—ſhe wrung her hands, and ſeemed almoſt in a frenzy.

The

The Duke opened a door into the next room, where Miſs Corbet was ſitting.—He deſired ſhe would attend her mother, and immediately went down ſtairs, where, to his ſurpriſe, he found the Ducheſs added to the party he had left.—She found herſelf ſo much better, that ſhe wiſhed to ſurpriſe them, and had been juſt introduced to Mr. Hall, and made acquainted with the particulars we have related.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A leſſon for Libertines.

THE Duke informed them of what had paſſed between him and Lady Cecilia, and expreſſed the greateſt horror at her conduct. They were talking over theſe extraordinary occurrences, when a ſervant informed them that an expreſs was arrived from Mr. Corbet, deſiring to ſee his mother and ſiſter immediately; that they were deſired to go as faſt as poſſible, or moſt probably they would not ſee him alive.

Ethelinda

Ethelinda was greatly ſhocked, and expreſſed great pity for Miſs Corbet, who, tho' far from blameleſs, had done nothing, ſhe ſaid, to deſerve the ſevere puniſhment ſhe was likely to meet with.

"Done nothing!" repeated Miſs Lyttleton, "ſhe is quite as bad as the reſt:—Not quite as able, indeed, to do miſchief, but perfectly as willing."

The Ducheſs, exaſperated againſt Lady Cecilia, could not bring herſelf to ſee her, but ſent for Miſs Corbet into her dreſſing-room, to know if ſhe could be of any uſe to her.

Miſs Corbet ſaid, "ſhe believed, and was ſure, that her mother had been extremely ill uſed;"—and, in ſhort, behaved ſo very haughtily and improperly, as to conquer every degree of pity the Ducheſs might have been inclined to feel and ſhew towards her.

Lady

Lady Cecilia and ſhe went away as ſoon as their carriage was ready.—Lady Cecilia had not let Miſs Corbet into the material part of the converſation between her and the Duke, and ſhe hoped to be able to gloſs over her conduct in ſuch a manner to Sir James and her ſon, as would take off from the moſt iniquitous part of it. Though ſhe had, upon reflection, no fear that matters would be brought to extremities againſt her, yet ſhe was in the power of the Duke, and ſhe felt the moſt mortifying diſappointment to all her hopes. She loved her daughter, but ſhe doted on her ſon; and when, upon her arrival at the place where ſhe left him, or rather where he had ſtopped with Ethelinda, ſhe found he was not expected to live, her ſhock was extreme.

Mr. Corbet had exerted himſelf ſo much in the purſuit of Ethelinda, and exhauſted himſelf ſo much in his ſucceſsleſs enterpriſe, that it brought on a return of the pleuretic complaint in his ſide, attended with a violent fever. He had ſent for the beſt advice he could

could get; and, upon inſiſting to be informed of his real ſituation, the perſon who attended him confeſſed that he apprehended danger. This, added to an internal ſomething that he felt, convinced him he ſhould not live; he therefore immediately ſent for his mother and ſiſter.

At this period, how did the world, and all it's allurements, fade before him. A deadly and deep remorſe ſtung his ſoul.—Repentance and diſmay now took the place in his mind, which had been ſolely occupied by libertine principles and abandoned practices. How dreadful were his meditations.—Every ſound ſeemed an alarm to judgment. When night approached, he feared, that impenetrable darkneſs, and non-exiſtence, were his brighteſt hopes; that the dawn of any future day might awaken him to eternal miſery; and that annihilation was the moſt chearing proſpect he could encourage.

When Lady Cecilia arrived, and was informed of his ſituation, ſhe gave way to the moſt

moſt poignant grief. The violent paſſions ſhe poſſeſſed operated like a whirlwind upon her mind, and almoſt overcame her reaſon.—Nor was Miſs Corbet inſenſible to her brother's danger.—She loved him as much as ſhe could love a brother; but it was not in her nature to poſſeſs ſtrong ſiſterly affections; too much of ſelf was rooted in her compoſition, for her to love any other perſon ardently.—She was, however, ſhocked, and affected ſtill deeper feelings.

It was ſome time before Lady Cecilia could ſufficiently compoſe herſelf to ſee her ſon; but finding he was very impatient for her coming to him, ſhe, as ſoon as poſſible, ſummoned reſolution to go into his room. Miſs Corbet thought it better to remain below 'till he had ſeen Lady Cecilia, leſt it might be too much for him to ſee them both at once.

The moment Lady Cecilia approached him, he extended his hand towards her;—he had been raiſed in the bed, and his ſervant

vant was holding hartſhorn for him to ſmell to.—In a faint voice, he bid him retire;—and turning his palid countenance to his mother, "My prayer is heard," continued he, "little as I may deſerve that any of my prayers ſhould be heard.—You are come to cloſe my eyes."

"Talk not ſo," ſobbed Lady Cecilia;—"you will, I truſt, yet do well."

"Do not attempt," returned Mr. Corbet, "to flatter me or yourſelf, with ſuch an expectation.—I feel that I am dying.—Oh! Heaven!—Oh juſt Heaven (continued he, burſting into tears) I deſerve my fate.—Happy will it be if the loſs of my life can atone for it's criminality.—How welcome would be my preſent ſufferings, if I could hope their ſeverity would be accepted as my puniſhment.—Say what is become of Miſs Claremont?"

"Of Miſs Claremont!" cried Lady Cecilia, "name her not; ſhe is the bane of my peace."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Corbet; "has any thing happened to her?

If

If there has, I am a ſtill greater wretch, and my laſt moments will be ſtill more embittered."

Lady Cecilia then began to enter into a brief explanation of the late events at the Caſtle. She firſt mentioned Miſs Claremont's elopement, of which ſhe had, in fact, partly from delicacy in ſome of the parties, and partly from accident, never heard the true account;—nor did ſhe yet know that Mr. Corbet was the perſon who had occaſioned that event. Mr. Corbet immediately ſtopped her, and exclaimed, "Oh! fool that I have been—by my crimes I marred the happineſs that was within my reach, and have brought myſelf to this dreadful ſtate." He then groaned ſo violently, that Lady Cecilia, in an agony, was going to call the attendants—but ſtopping her, he continued, "hear me, Madam—hear me"—and he made a full confeſſion of his conduct towards Ethelinda; declared the paſſion he had always felt for her, and bitterly lamented his not having, in the firſt inſtance, endeavoured

to gain her affections upon honourable terms, which he now ſuppoſed he might, at one time, have done.—But (continued he) what principally hindered me from ſo doing, is a deed that now ſits moſt heavy on my ſoul.—Mrs. Evelyn owes diſgrace and miſery to me. Having become acquainted with her huſband abroad, and travelled with them for ſeveral months, during which time I received numberleſs proofs of friendſhip—I ingratiated myſelf into her affections—ſeduced and deceived her—Fond of me to exceſs, ſhe believed herſelf equally beloved by me; yet ſuch were her innate principles that, from the moment ſhe had yielded to my wiſhes, ſhe became miſerable; and when I was not with her, was a conſtant prey to wretchedneſs and deſpair. Soon after our return home, when ſhe accidentally diſcovered my connexion with another woman, her feelings were not to be deſcribed. She found I had deceived her—baſely deceived her—and upbraided me with it.—My behaviour to her, ſtamped with ingratitude—offended Heaven!—How dreadfully does the co-

ſcious

ſciouſneſs of that ingratitude—nay, even brutality—ſhock me at this awful moment!—But, horrid as my reflections are, I muſt proceed.—We parted.——She was ſeized with a violent fever and delirium, which terminated her exiſtence; but a letter ſhe wrote to me, upon her being firſt taken ill, harrowed up my ſoul.—She has left three children, which ſhe had by her huſband, previous to her acquaintance with me.—Their circumſtances are far from affluent;—and I therefore wiſh to provide handſomely for them."

As Lady Cecilia poſſeſſed neither generoſity nor honour, ſhe ſaw no neceſſity for ſuch a proviſion; but ſhe loved her ſon ſo ardently, that, at ſuch a moment, though avarice was one of her predominant paſſions, ſhe would readily have given up half his fortune, if he had deſired it;—therefore, when he told her that he had ſent for a lawyer, and was going to add a codicil to his will, and to give five thouſand pounds to each of Mrs. Evelyn's children, ſhe was neither ſurpriſed nor concerned; but when he expreſſed an

anxious wiſh to ſee Ethelinda, and obtain her forgiveneſs, Lady Cecilia ſo ſtrenuouſly oppoſed it, that Mr. Corbet did not perſevere in his requeſt.

"You have much to know," continued Lady Cecilia.—"I have not yet told you that Miſs Claremont has, at laſt, found out her parents."

"Who are they?" ſaid Mr. Corbet, faintly.

Lady Cecilia informed him.—A variety of conflicting ſenſations ſeemed to ſtruggle in his breaſt.—At laſt, claſping his hands together, he burſt into tears, and exclaimed, "Heaven is juſt.—Oh! I feel—I feel it." After a ſhort ſilence—"Promiſe me," ſaid he, "if I am never more to ſee Ethelinda, that, when I am gone, you will yourſelf ſee her."

"Oh! my ſon," returned Lady Cecilia, "I dare not promiſe—I have wronged her too, and, in your puniſhment, meet my own."

She

She then, in a great meaſure, confeſſed her own crimes towards her, and was ſo overcome, that, for ſome minutes, ſhe could not ſpeak, but gave way to the moſt violent emotions.

"Alas!" cried Mr. Corbet, "juſtice purſues us;—but (continued he, making an effort to riſe upon his knees) hear my laſt requeſt, and let me conjure you, my mother, by every hope you entertain of future forgiveneſs, to ſee Ethelinda, and tell her all I feel.—Tell her to think, with ſome lenity, on my crimes, and with ſome pity on my memory.—Oh! that ſhe would pray for me.——Prayers from her muſt reach to Heaven; and if you hope, yourſelf, for future mercy, to my confeſſion and penitence add your own, and entreat her——."

He could add no more;—quite overcome, he ſunk down—and Lady Cecilia thought him expiring, 'till, by the help of a cordial, he was ſomewhat revived. The injured Nancy obtruded herſelf on his ima-

gination, and he again deplored his villainy. He knew not what was become of her, but left her a hundred a year for life—and ſeemed in the greateſt agonies of mind. This was no moment for deception. Truth ſtood in dreadful array before him—darkened the ſhadows of the grave—and made it's approaching terrors more terrible.

Could his life have been prolonged, what penance would he have thought too much—what ſacrifice too great, to have had time and power to make atonement for the heavy crimes of falſehood, perjury, and ſeduction—but the time was paſt—his hour of probation could no more be lengthened;—his trial here ended;—his trial elſewhere was at hand;—every paſt guilty pleaſure loſt it's charm, but retained it's poignant evil—and nothing remained in full force upon his mind, but a thorough ſenſe of his paſt miſconduct.

Upon the arrival of the lawyer, Lady Cecilia retired, and immediately went to ſhare her

her ſorrows with her daughter, to whom ſhe related what had paſſed.

Miſs Corbet ſaid, "ſhe did not ſee the neceſſity of her brother's giving away ſo much of his fortune to ſtrangers."

"Oh!" cried Lady Cecilia, whoſe mind was now much ſoftened, "let us not think about his fortune; would that I had never thought ſo much about it as I have—I might not now have been the wretch I am. Oh! my ſon—my dear ſon."

She then gave way to the moſt piercing grief.—In this ſituation ſhe remained, 'till a ſervant deſired ſhe would go to Mr. Corbet, whoſe end ſeemed to be faſt approaching.—She found it ſo, indeed, and diſpatched meſſengers for the faculty, who attended him. Before they arrived, his head became diſordered.—Miſs Corbet juſt went to look at him, but declared it was too much for her nerves to bear, and very ſoon returned to her own apartment.

As Lady Cecilia ſat by his bed-ſide, Mr. Corbet ſeized her hand.—" Oh! Mrs. Evelyn," exclaimed he, in a hollow broken voice, " I know—I know I have uſed you cruelly;—forgive me—forgive me;—love me once again—I will never deceive you more—You cannot—you cannot—you can never truſt me again—It was I that deſtroyed your peace of mind.—Before you knew me, you were good and happy.—Oh! wretched—wretched——Nancy—Nancy—poor loſt Nancy;—her father and mother! Then ſtarting up—don't—don't ſtab me—Ethelinda—I will marry her—ſhe is gone—ſhe is gone—Mrs. Evelyn—forgive——" Convulſions ſtopped his ſpeech.

Lady Cecilia threw herſelf on her knees by the bed-ſide.—She took hold of his hand, which was damp, cold, and convulſed, " Oh! 'tis too much," ſhe cried, " to ſee and bear without diſtraction."

A moment's interval brought his wretched mother to his recollection.—He fixed his eyes

eyes upon her. She could not articulate a word; but with her handkerchief, wet with her own tears, wiped the drops of death from his forehead.—He moved his lips—in an agony ſhe kiſſed them.—He turned up his eyes, and giving a dreadful groan—launched into that unknown ſtate he had ſo much cauſe to dread.

Here let us pauſe a moment, while reaſon inquires, if a few years of ſuch chequered pleaſures, as are the libertine's, can poſſibly compenſate for the daring riſk he runs?

Ye ſeducers of innocence—ye deſtroyers of female peace—ye perjured falſe betrayers of the heart's beſt affections—oh! had ye ſeen the exit of this wretched youth.—A ſhort time ago, as gay, as volatile, as callous to every feeling that adorns human nature, as remorſeleſs as yourſelves; could ye have witneſſed his agonies, when the cold ſweat hung on his brows, and the far more chilling terrors on his heart, how little comfort would ye have drawn from the torpid black idea of

ſinking, after a life ſpent in villany and debauchery, into nothing—you would have been convinced what little comfort he derived from ſuch a poſſibility!—As the gloomy hour approached, the anguiſh, the confuſion, the horror of his mind, ſpoke far other expectations

Look back towards that conſcience which has ſo often checked you in vain —If an atom of it remain, does it not ſtill riſe up in ſupport of the great and rational truth, that every reaſonable being in nature ſhall hereafter be accountable to nature's God?

Lady Cecilia, entirely overcome, was carried to her apartment, where we will leave her to make ſuch reflections as, we hope, occurred to her; and return to the Caſtle, at which place a very different ſcene preſented itſelf.

But when we have been for ſome time in the confines of miſery, the mind is ſcarcely capable of diſengaging itſelf immediately from

from the ſcenes of woe which have occupied it; and that our readers may have time to diſſipate their melancholy ideas, we will here conclude our chapter.

CHAP. IX.

Contains events of a very different complexion from the laſt.

THE Duke of Sutherland was ſteward for the approaching races at Doncaſter, and determined upon introducing his almoſt idolized daughter in all the ſplendor of her birth. The abſence of the King and Queen from London, made it impoſſible for her to pay her duty previouſly at the drawing-room,

room, and her parents thought it neceſſary that ſhe ſhould be immediately introduced to the world as their daughter.

The Ducheſs was ſo overcome with joy, that, at times, ſhe could only ſit ſilent, and look, with rapture expreſſed in her countenance, at her new found treaſure.

Miſs Lyttleton, who poſſeſſed many good qualities among her provoking ones, felt real pleaſure at the happineſs ſhe was witneſs to, and particularly delighted at the mortification of the Corbet family.—As yet, they knew not of it's late calamity.

The excellent Mr. Hall ſhared the parent's joy; but no language can expreſs the feelings of Lord Melworth.—He could ſcarcely bear to leave Ethelinda for a moment; and ſo much was his ſoul wrapped up in her, that he would frequently, when holding her hand, and abſorbed in the tendereſt contemplations of her perfections, exclaim, "Oh! Ethelinda, if the time ſhould

ever arrive when illneſs or diſtreſs attends you, what will become of your Melworth—how ſhall he avoid diſtraction?"

Though ſhe loved as much as the moſt tender of her ſex can love, and conſequently felt the ſuperior bliſs of knowing herſelf ſo much beloved, yet ſhe ſaw that his attachment to her roſe to ſuch a height, as frequently to produce in him painful apprehenſions.—This exuberance of feeling ſhe tried to correct, by ſuch arguments as could not fail of having ſome effect on a mind and underſtanding like Lord Melworth's.

The day after Lady Cecilia had left the Caſtle, Ethelinda told the Ducheſs that ſhe had a great wiſh to ſee her much-valued Mrs. Fletcher—and that, if the Duke and ſhe would permit it, ſhe would ſend her an invitation to the Caſtle.

"It is our intention, my love," returned the Ducheſs, "to aſſemble, as ſoon as poſſible, all thoſe at the Caſtle, who have been any

any wife inſtrumental in ſaving to us our beloved child.—Honeſt Suſan, who ſtood your friend at Langley Park, we have found out; and the honeſt farmer who aſſiſted Melworth; the Jones's—and, in particular, the worthy jailor and his wife—They ſhall all have the reward of their goodneſs.

"The Duke has already fixed upon a habitation for the latter, and they ſhall be taken from a ſcene that muſt continually diſtreſs their excellent hearts.—Miſs Elford will, we truſt, ſoon pay you a viſit, and ſtay to accompany you to the races."

Ethelinda was delighted with the idea of ſeeing thoſe to whom ſhe owed ſo much;—a delight which did not ariſe from the pride of being ſeen in ſo ſuperior a ſtation, but from the hope that ſhe ſhould now have it in her power to prove that gratitude which was overflowing in her heart.

Lord Melworth's attentions to Mr. Hall were thoſe of a perſon who ſtood indebted to another

another for more than life.—Soon after his arrival, he ſought an opportunity of expreſſing the high ſenſe of obligation he felt for the advantages his Ethelinda had derived from Mr. Hall's fatherly attentions towards her.—"That they originated from the philanthropy of your own excellent heart," ſaid Lord Melworth, "does not leſſen the gratitude they inſpire.—It is chiefly to you we are indebted for the additional luſtre given to one of the beſt of hearts, and poliſh to one of the fineſt underſtandings, that nature ever, in it's greateſt bounty, beſtowed on humanity."

"Oh!" returned the reverend man, "I merit no praiſe, for having afforded myſelf continual pleaſure, and was amply rewarded by the daily gratification of ſeeing ſuch a mind, as your Ethelinda poſſeſſes, expand and riſe to excellence."

Lord Melworth, however, conſidered, and treated Mr. Hall as a father, and he was not leſs venerated by the Duke and Ducheſs, who

who gave additional proof of their own worth in their attention to his.

The whole party were, in the evening, aſſembled to drink tea at hermit's cel', where a ſervant came to inform them that Captain Aſhley was arrived.—Having received the Duke's invitation, he was not long in availing himſelf of it.

"Oh! ho! he is come," cried Miſs Lyttleton.—"Now if you refuſe (continued ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to Lady Ethelinda) to aſſiſt me in my plans, I will certainly find a way to mar all your's."

The Duke, who was upon the whole partial to her, though he ſometimes reſtrained her violent ſallies, laughingly promiſed, that, if her wiſhes were not very unreaſonable indeed, they ſhould be complied with."

"Well then," ſaid ſhe, "as I know that Aſhley did love my all conquering couſin, I am determined that ſhe ſhall again try her powers with him."

"Pray

"Pray, Miſs Lyttleton," cried Lord Melworth, "do you intend that Captain Aſhley ſhall cut my throat, or I his?"

"Oh! that muſt take it's chance—no matter."

"No matter!" repeated Lord Melworth; "upon my word, it ſeems a very humane, charitable, pretty plan of your's, and promiſes to be productive of a great deal of amuſement."

"Yes," anſwered Miſs Lyttleton;—"and what's better, my good couſin, the amuſement may unveil the truth, which, you muſt confeſs, ought never to remain concealed; but, to do this, I muſt be left to my own management—and if you, Lady Ethelinda, contradict any thing I ſay, I will puniſh you well—depend upon it."

"With ſuch a threat hanging over me, I ſhall be all obedience, you may be ſure," ſaid Ethelinda.

"But huſh!" cried Miſs Lyttleton;—"here he comes."

She

She immediately aſſumed a penſive air, and welcomed him with an evident reſerve, which appeared to ſurpriſe him a good deal.—Captain Aſhley ſtarted at ſeeing Ethelinda, and bowed to her under apparent reſtraint.

Miſs Lyttleton whiſpered to the Duke, who ſoon after propoſed a walk, in which it was ſo managed, that ſhe and Captain Aſhley were left at ſome diſtance from the reſt of the party. After having expreſſed the ſincereſt joy at ſeeing her again, he lamented the coolneſs of her firſt reception.—The reaſon for which, he truſted ſhe would explain.—I am (continued he) much ſurpriſed at ſeeing Miſs Claremont here, notwithſtanding ſhe was always a favourite of your's, to which circumſtance, I ſuppoſe, ſhe owes her preſent introduction."

" And are you not pleaſed, as well as ſurpriſed ?" ſaid Miſs Lyttleton.

" Why that," anſwered Captain Aſhley, " muſt depend upon circumſtances."

" So

"So do moſt events," replied Miſs Littleton.

"True," returned Captain Aſhley—but——."

"But what?" cried ſhe.

"Why, ſurely, my dear Miſs Lyttleton, "you are no ſtranger to ſome reports reſpecting her; you were always her friend, indeed; but I truſt you were well aſſured of the falſehood of thoſe reports, before you renewed your friendſhip."

"I find," cried Miſs Lyttleton, "you know nothing of the matter.—You have yet to learn what I ſhall immediately diſcloſe to you.—Miſs Claremont, as you call her, is no longer Miſs Claremont."

"Why, who is ſhe? Is ſhe married?"

"No—nor that.—She is the Duke of Sutherland's daughter and heireſs."

"The Duke of Sutherland's daughter and heireſs!" echoed Captain Aſhley.

"Yes, ſhe is."

"Is it poſſible! Good Heaven! How can that be?"

She

She then entered into the hiſtory; the recital of which aſtoniſhed Captain Aſhley; he execrated Mr. Corbet, and juſtly condemned Lady Cecilia and her daughter.

"But now," cried Miſs Lyttleton, "as you have ſo deep a ſenſe of the injury done her by thoſe wicked and falſe reports, ſhe muſt neceſſarily be reinſtated not only in your good opinion, but alſo in your heart."

Captain Aſhley looked ſurpriſed and confounded.—"With regard to the firſt," replied he, "ſhe certainly is; but for my heart, that is not, I truſt, of ſo fickle a nature as to be ſo eaſily changing."

"Changing!" ſaid Miſs Lyttleton;—"why, it is only a proof of it's ſteadineſs that I require; for I believe you will not deny that Lady Ethelinda had it for a conſiderable time in her poſſeſſion."

"I will not deny that I was captivated by Miſs Claremont's attractions—nor will that ſurpriſe you; moſt men, who were unattached, would be ſo; but circumſtances conſpired to change my opinions of her almoſt before any thing

thing like affection could be ſaid to have taken place. Since that period (continued he, taking Miſs Lyttleton's hand) having ſeen a lady to whom I am moſt ſincerely—moſt ardently attached, if Lady Ethelinda could poſſibly poſſeſs ten thouſand times as many charms as ſhe does, I ſhould now ſee them with indifference."

"I am very ſorry for it," replied Miſs Lyttleton; "for when I found how things were, and diſcovered her great regard for you, I ventured to tell her (knowing your paſt ſentiments in her favour, and being ſatisfied that they would return, when the doubts you had entertained about her were removed.) I alſo ventured to aſſure her of your partiality towards her, and have managed ſo as to convince the Duke and Ducheſs that the ſacrifice I am making will not coſt me very dear."

"For Heaven's ſake, Miſs Lyttleton, "what does all this mean? Is it poſſible you can have been ſo raſh, and can expect me to follow, blindly, a plan that, however noble and generous it may appear in your eyes, would

would make me wretched, and could never contribute to the happineſs of Lady Ethelinda; but, recollecting himſelf, I have no reaſon to ſuppoſe, nor can I ſuppoſe, that ſhe has any partiality for me.—It is, it muſt be, ſome whimſical idea of your own, or meant as a jeſt, though, to me, a cruel one.—Come, deareſt Miſs Lyttleton, confeſs it, and make my heart eaſy."

"Indeed, I can confeſs no ſuch thing;—and now, Captain Aſhley, I entreat you not to throw a damp on the preſent happy proſpect, from falſe delicacy; Lady Ethelinda is prepared to receive your addreſſes; and as you cannot deny the ſtrong partiality you once had for her, it cannot fail of returning, with tenfold ſtrength, in her preſent ſituation.

Juſt then the Duke came up to them, with a letter in his hand, by which he had juſt received an account of Mr. Corbet's death, and that Lady Cecilia and Miſs Corbet were gone to Langley Park, where they expected to meet Sir James.

The

The whole party were greatly ſhocked at the intelligence, though none of them could feel very deeply concerned, but on account of his ill ſpent life.

Miſs Lyttleton contrived, as ſoon as poſſible, to tell Lady Ethelinda what had paſſed between her and Captain Aſhley, declaring, ſhe was determined not to marry him, unleſs ſhe were aſſured, from the effect of the preſent trial, that he was not offering her a divided heart.

Lady Ethelinda ſaid every thing ſhe could to prevent her from going on with ſo ridiculous a ſcheme; but all in vain. She proteſted, that, if Ethelinda would not aſſiſt her thro' the trial, ſhe would be the means of her refuſing Captain Aſhley.—Therefore, tho' very adverſe to the plan, ſhe was obliged to remain at leaſt paſſive.—Miſs Lyttleton made Lord Melworth conſent to be the ſame;—and the Duke and Ducheſs ſeeing, though they thought it very abſurd, that it was a point about which this eccentric girl

was really anxious, promiſed, for the preſent, to remain neuter.

"Now," ſaid ſhe to Lord Melworth, "I inſiſt upon your not ſitting next to Lady Ethelinda, nor looking at her with thoſe tell-tale eyes of your's as you do—but be, if you can, a little civil to me."

"That is, you mean I ſhould make love to you, I ſuppoſe."

"Why, no; I think not abſolute love, but ſomething a little like it;—you underſtand it's gradations extremely well, and I expect you to manage accordingly."

"I believe," replied Lord Melworth, "that you mean to manage ſo as to ſet Aſhley and me together by the ears; but I ſhall beg to ſtop ſhort of that, my little jealous couſin; and Aſhley will, I doubt not, have great reaſon to triumph at the end of this ſtrange trial."

"Don't provoke me," cried Miſs Lyttleton, "or he poſitively ſhall have Ethelinda at laſt."

"Why,

"Why, I believe," replied Lord Melworth, "you would be as little inclined to that ſort of revenge as any of the party; ſo I think we may defy you, miſchievous as you would appear to be."

The entrance of Captain Aſhley, with an evidently embarraſſed and gloomy air, put a ſtop to the converſation.

Juſt before ſupper, Miſs Lyttleton ſaid, ſhe begged to ſpeak a few words to him in the Duke's library. When they were ſeated there, "It is not," ſaid ſhe, "I will own, without pain to myſelf, Captain Aſhley, that I have come to the reſolution I am now going to acquaint you with—but it is neceſſary—knowing your firſt partiality to Ethelinda, I ſhould not be happy in fulfilling our engagements, and I claim of you a releaſe from them. I will allow for the delicacy of your ſituation;—but it is impoſſible you can long be inſenſible to charms and attractions like Lady Ethelinda's—particularly when I aſſure you, that ſhe entertains the moſt flattering

regard towards you. The happineſs of the Duke and Ducheſs depend upon her's;—and, as I ſaid before, I have convinced them that no ſerious engagement now ſubſiſts between us."

"How is it poſſible," cried Captain Aſhley, "you can have impoſed upon the Duke in ſuch a manner! Did he not invite me here in conſequence of————."

"No matter," interrupted Miſs Lyttleton; "I have managed to make him believe it;—he does believe it;—and I am authoriſed by him and the Ducheſs to aſſure you of their leave to addreſs their daughter."

"Oh! Miſs Lyttleton," exclaimed Captain Aſhley, throwing himſelf upon his knees before her, "why do you torture me in this manner? What have you done? You have made me miſerable.—You have made us all miſerable.—Never, never can I obey this tyrannical decree.—You are mine by the moſt ſolemn promiſes;—but if you unjuſtly refuſe to ratify them, you have no right to diſpoſe of me to another.

"What,

"What, Madam, have I done to forfeit that affection (pardon my preſumption) with which you have condeſcended to flatter me, and on which my happineſs muſt depend?"

"Indeed," replied the inflexible girl, "I never liked you better than at this moment; but I am determined—every thing conſpires to make my reſolution unalterable;—I will be ſincere, and fairly own, that, under my ideas of your former attachment, I could never be happy with you, and ſhould make you miſerable. In ſhort, I am determined—it is in vain for you to attempt changing my fixed ſentiments—follow my advice, and you will ſoon be happy with my couſin."

"Cruel woman," exclaimed Captain Aſhley, in expreſſive agitation;—but I will not—cannot"—and away he went out of the room, leaving Miſs Lyttleton delighted with the ſucceſs of her ſcheme.

Captain Aſhley appeared in conſiderable agitation during ſupper, at which Miſs Lyttleton contrived he ſhould ſit next to Lady Ethelinda, to whom he was ſcarcely

able to ſpeak.—The whole party ſeemed vexed, and broke up earlier than uſual.—The Ducheſs and Lady Ethelinda earneſtly entreated Miſs Lyttleton to proceed no further in her ſcheme; declared it muſt ariſe from the moſt ill-founded jealouſy, and evidently made Captain Aſhley miſerable.—They likewiſe declared, that if ſhe would not put an end to it the next day, they would, as they could not bear to ſee him trifled with in ſo abominable a manner. After a great deal of argument, they at laſt obtained a promiſe that ſhe would finiſh her trial the next morning—but little did ſhe imagine how ſoon ſhe would repent of having made it.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The conſequences of the Trial, ſomething to be deplored,—ſomething to be approved of;—but nothing to be ſurprized at.

THE family were all early riſers, and Miſs Lyttleton particularly ſo; while ſhe was dreſſing, her maid put a letter into her hand, ſaying that Capt. Aſhley, before he had ſet off, had deſired it might be given to her.

"Set off" exclaimed ſhe, "why where is he gone?"

"Really ma'am" replied her maid, "I don't know, but the captain ſet off an hour ago in his poſt-chaiſe."

Miſs

Miſs Lyttleton turned pale, and every drop of her volatile blood ſeemed to freeze; ſhe had ſcarcely power to open the letter, which was as follows.

To Miss Lyttleton.

" No words, my beloved Miſs Lyttleton, " that I can make uſe of, will expreſs half the " miſery you have involved me in, nor " can I reconcile myſelf to your motives, " for really I don't underſtand them. I will " do Lady Ethelinda's infinite merits all the " juſtice they deſerve. I reſpect, I eſteem, " I greatly admire her; but I can never do " more. My heart is your's, and your's only, " though you now deſpiſe it. Oh! Miſs " Lyttleton, I feel you cannot love me, or " you could not ſacrifice me,—forgive my " ſaying ſo,—to your caprice, yes, to your " caprice.

" I cannot ſtay at the Caſtle, I am incapa- " ble of reaſoning; I am diſtracted; I know " not what to do, nor where to go; but I " conjure you madam, to acquaint the Duke " with

" with my feelings; the violence of them,
" as well as the delicacy of the ſubject, ren-
" ders me incapable of ſpeaking to him
" myſelf.

" Tell him I venerate every individual of
" his family; but tell him I adore Miſs Lyt-
" tleton, though ſhe uſes me——Oh hea-
" vens! But I will not reproach you,—yet
" ſurely the part you have taken is only cal-
" culated to make us all wretched.—Why
" did you inſinuate that I poſſeſſed ſenti-
" ments contrary to my feelings? why did
" you ſubject me to the miſery I now en-
" dure?—why did you encourage me to aſ-
" pire to your affection?—why did you re-
" ceive mine, and cheriſh it, afterwards to
" expoſe it to ſuch a chilling blaſt as will de-
" ſtroy the wretched root from whence it
" ſprung.

" Forgive me for complaining, for ſurely
" it is ſcarcely in nature not to complain to
" thoſe, who cauſe, and could prevent our
" miſery;—yet I will endeavour in future not

" to upbraid you. I ſcarcely know what I
" write, but I ſubmit,—and now bid you a
" long, moſt likely an eternal, farewell.—I am
" not determined where to go; that muſt be a
" circumſtance indifferent to you: all I am
" determined upon is to quit this country
" immediately, and perhaps, for ever.

" Adieu then, moſt beloved Miſs Lyt-
" tleton,—you are ſtill ſo dear to me,—
" ſo much the miſtreſs of my ſoul, that I muſt
" ever ardently wiſh for your happineſs, not-
" withſtanding the miſery you have ſo unac-
" countably inflicted on the wretched

" HENRY ASHLEY."

Miſs Lyttleton had ſcarcely power to read the letter through; ſhe trembled, grew ſick, and fell back almoſt ſenſeleſs. At laſt, burſting into tears, ſhe exclaimed,—" Oh Aſhley! dear, dear Aſhley, what will become of me?—Where is the Ducheſs?" cried ſhe, ſtarting up.

" Not out of her room ma'am" replied the maid.

I will

"I will go to her there," continued Miſs Lyttleton:—and away ſhe flew in her powdering gown, with her hair all about her ears.

She knocked at the Ducheſs's door, but without waiting for an anſwer, went in.

The Ducheſs happened to be alone: Miſs Lyttleton ran to her, and taking her round the neck, ſobbed upon her boſom, exclaiming "Oh! madam, I am undone, Capt. Aſhley is gone, he has left me.—I wiſh I had not————Oh! dear, dear Ducheſs," continued ſhe ſobbing, "what can I do? I ſhall go diſtracted."

"What is the matter?" cried the Ducheſs, "compoſe yourſelf for heaven's ſake, and let me hear what has happened."

"Oh! I wiſh I had taken your advice; but its too late: do tell me dear Ducheſs what muſt be done now?—read this letter, Capt. Aſhley is gone."

"Gone," exclaimed the Ducheſs, "where."

"Oh! I don't know, but read this letter,—and tell me what I am to do."

The Ducheſs read the letter. "I foreſaw," ſaid ſhe, "that ſomething unpleaſant would be the conſequence of your trifling with Capt. Aſhley's affection; forgive me Miſs Lyttleton, but I cannot ſpeak more mildly of your conduct."

"Oh! madam," replied Miſs Lyttleton, "I will own the truth, I really was ſuſpicious that he might be in his heart ſorry that he had not purſued his firſt prepoſſeſſion in favour of Lady Ethelinda. When I came here, and found things as they were, her conduct ſo admirable, her ſituation ſo exalted, (though I am ſure and can ſwear I rejoiced at it,) yet I could not help poſſeſſing myſelf with a doubt of my retaining the decided preference which I wiſhed for in Capt. Aſhley's heart. This, madam, it was, and not caprice, which made me determine to put it to trial."

"Well my dear," anſwered the Ducheſs, "it is better that you ſhould have made even this unpleaſant confuſion, than have harboured ſuſpicions that might, though groundleſs, have poiſoned your future happineſs. I

will go and conſult the Duke, and ſee what is beſt to be done; but remember you now put the affair into my hands, and conſent to my making Capt. Aſhley any reparation I think proper."

"Any thing madam that is reaſonable I am ſure."

"My dear I will have no ſtipulating, no conditions; if I undertake the buſineſs you muſt leave it entirely to me."

"Certainly madam, any thing that your Grace thinks proper."

"Well my dear, I hope your puniſhment will not be very heavy; I will go immediately to the Duke."

She accordingly did ſo, and it was determined that Lord Melworth ſhould go in purſuit of Capt. Aſhley, and bring him back.

His road was eaſily traced, and we will leave the chace of the fugitive, while we make a few comments upon the conduct of Miſs Lyttleton, who, as we ſaid before, though in reality poſſeſſing good-nature, frequently

quently made a great deal of miſchief: her quick feelings often occaſioned an irritability in her temper, which ſhe ſeldom took the trouble of checking; and ſhe therefore uſually gave way to the ſudden impulſe of thoſe feelings without attending to any conſequences. Thoſe few ſhe really loved, ſhe loved with ardour, though owing to her volatility of temper, ſhe would often give them pain. Towards thoſe ſhe diſliked, ſo far from taking pains to conceal her diſguſt, of which we have ſeen inſtances, ſhe had a pleaſure in ſhewing it.—Her underſtanding ſpeaks for itſelf, her judgment will ſeldom get any one to ſpeak for it.

With this mixture of good and indifferent qualities, ſhe loved Capt. Aſhley to exceſs; and in truth was jealous leſt he in reality did not love her as well; but now ſatisfied by his late conduct, ſhe was anxious to make reparation for the pain ſhe had given him, and terrified almoſt to death leſt ſhe had gone too far,—a prey to her ſelf-created diſtreſs, ſhe had now retired to her own apartment, chuſing

to

to indulge her unhappy thoughts,—and her irritable feelings heightened every diſtreſſing event that might poſſibly happen.

She traverſed her apartment, and continued in extreme anxiety for ſeveral hours; and by degrees loſing all patience, had formed a reſolution of going herſelf in purſuit of Capt. Aſhley, if he ſhould be inexorable to the perſuaſions of Lord Melworth, who, ſhe thought, might not repreſent to him how truly ſhe was concerned for her conduct, and could not tell him every thing that might tend to excuſe it.

The Ducheſs interrupted her in the midſt of this plan, and came in with evident agitation in her countenance.

"What is the matter madam?" cried Miſs Lyttleton, "I am ſure ſomething very bad by your Grace's looks."

"Compoſe yourſelf," returned the Ducheſs, "all will I truſt be well, but————"

"But what?" interrogated Miſs Lyttleton,

"Oh!

"Oh! tell me,—tell me;—I am ſure Aſhley, my dear Aſhley is dead."

Extreme wildneſs was in her countenance and manner.

"Be calm," replied the Ducheſs, "He is not dead, nor I truſt in any danger; but he has met with an accident."

"An accident! what, what accident?

"Why he has broke his arm," returned the Ducheſs.

"Oh! where is he—where is he? let me go to him."

"Patience," cried the Ducheſs, "he is returned. The accident happened in getting out of his chaiſe; he was obliged to ſtop to have ſomething done to one of the horſes, and not very attentive I ſuppoſe to what he was about, his foot ſlipped, and in falling he broke his arm."

"And I am the cauſe of it," exclaimed Miſs Lyttleton burſting into tears, "I will go to him this minute, where is he?"

"He is," replied the Ducheſs "in the Duke's dreſſing-room."

Away

Away went Miſs Lyttleton, and without any ceremony opened the door, and running up to Capt. Aſhley, ſunk down at his feet. He raiſed her in a moment,—while ſhe was ſo agitated that ſhe could hardly ſpeak; but at laſt did articulate—"Will you forgive me Aſhley? when I ſwear to you all I did was from affection?"

"Dear creature," cried he, "I ſhould think this proof of your affection cheaply purchaſed at a much dearer price than the ſlight fracture of an arm."

"I am ſufficiently puniſhed," cried ſhe, for my ſuſpicions; and I will never, if I can help it, have any more."

"The ſource of them," ſaid Capt. Aſhley, "the certainty that indifference did not actuate you, is ſuch a gratification to my feelings, that I am ſenſible of no ſentiment but obligation."

Oh! my dear Aſhley," returned Miſs Lyttleton, burſting into tears, "I am indeed the greateſt ſufferer; but ſay, tell me the truth, are you not dangerouſly hurt."

"No indeed, only ſlightly," replied he.

"And

"And will you not Aſhley think the worſe of me for what has paſſed?"

"The worſe of you! my beloved creature," ſaid Capt. Aſhley; "I adore you, if poſſible, more than ever."

"I will never" cried Miſs Lyttleton, "have any more ſuſpicions; that is, if I can help it, I never, never will."

"Why really," exclaimed Lord Melworth, if you indulge them in future, we ſhall all feel a great deal for Aſhley, but very little for you."

"I am not now," replied Miſs Lyttleton, "inclined to quarrel with any body but myſelf; but when that inclination is at an end."—"Which it will very ſoon be," interrupt- Lord Melworth.

"No, not ſoon," replied Miſs. Lyttleton? "but if ever it is, I may then poſſibly begin with your Lordſhip."

She then inquired very particularly about the accident, and found that there happened to be a ſurgeon juſt at hand, who had ſet Capt. Aſhley's arm, and would have perſuaded

ſuaded him to remain where the accident happened, leſt the motion of a carriage ſhould bring on a fever; but when Lord Melworth arrived, and delivered his embaſſy, no power could keep Capt. Aſhley from returning immediately to the Caſtle, and at all riſks, he very ſoon ſet off. As the fracture was very ſlight, he ſuffered but little inconvenience, and Miſs Lyttleton ſoon recovered her uſual ſpirits.

Some time paſſed on, each perſon felt ſo much happineſs, as to think no other could feel the ſame. The retroſpect they all frequently took of paſt events, and the compariſon of them with the preſent, added a poignancy to their pleaſures: and they experienced—That exalted merit may find ſuperior happineſs, even in this world.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Making good the old Proverb, that Honeſty is the beſt Policy.

AS ſoon as it was poſſible Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher arrived; they expreſſed the utmoſt joy at the change in our heroine's ſituation, but no ſurprize.

A few mornings afterwards, as the Duke and Ducheſs, Ethelinda and the whole party were walking on a terrace near the Caſtle, they perceived at a diſtance a man and woman carrying a trunk between them. The ſingularity

ſingularity of their appearance attracted the attention of every one.

The man had a decent drab kind of coat, the flaps of which hung three parts down his legs; but ſo ſhort at the ſleeves that a clean coarſe ſhirt was ſeen for a quarter of a yard below them. He carried a large flapped round hat in one hand, beſides an oak ſtick; and with the other helped to carry the trunk: his white hair, excepting a part on the top of his head which was bald, hung partly on his ſhoulders, and partly over the the beſt humoured countenance in the world.

The partner in his toil was a woman with a brocaded ſilk gown, which was at leaſt a hundred years old, a muſlin round-eared cap with a hood over it, and a black hat, that on account of the heat ſhe had let fall at the back of her head; a double white handkerchief, over which ſhe had worn a coloured ſilk one, which was now hanging on her arm, and in the hand which was not employed in carrying the trunk, was another coloured handkerchief,

handkerchief, with which ſhe continually wiped her face. Her gown lined with green, was pinned back, and ſhewed a red ſtuff petticoat, over which was a white apron likewiſe pinned up; a pair of black mittins compleated her dreſs.

Curioſity led the Duke and Ducheſs, and all the party into the park to ſee who this curious pair would prove. When they came near them, Ethelinda, on whom the Ducheſs was leaning, exclaimed, "It muſt be nurſe Jones, I am ſure it is."

The old woman heard her, and running up, ſaid with a low curteſey, "I hope your ladyſhip will forgive me, but ſure this is Miſs Thelinda.

"Yes it is indeed, cried Ethelinda taking her by the hand, and I am heartily glad to ſee you."

"Thank heaven, cried Jones wiping his face, that you are found at laſt. I told my dame it would be ſo, for a ſtray ſheep com-

monly comes ſafe home again, and we have rare news for you."

"Yes, that we have, cried Mrs. Jones, rare news, for would you believe it? the box is found; we have got it here in this trunk ſafe with us, and as my Gaffer ſaid, we would not loſe ſight of it again for this earthly world."

"True, ſaid the old man, but my dame, (winking at Ethelinda,) was main deſirous to ſee the inſide of it, tho'ff 'twas locked; but I would ſuffer no ſuch doings. We tried main hard to find you out Miſs Thelinda, and got the parſon to write a letter for us directed to my Lady Corbet."

"Pray, ſaid Ethelinda, how did you get the box?"

Why Miſs," replied Jones, "it was ſent to us, with ſome other things dug out of the ruins, by a friend of mine who happened to go into thoſe parts, and mentioned as how he knew me, to the landlord of the inn, who told him of theſe things, and ſaid as how they were taken care of for us in caſe they ſhould ever be claimed."

"And

"And now my dear Miſs Thelinda," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "heaven's will be done, right will out at laſt; it will be known whether you have any kindred: heaven forgive them, tho' I can't, for being ſo hard-hearted as to leave you expoſed to the wickedneſs of the wide world ſo long; th'off when the letter came that ordered us to come here, we found you were come to ſome great good luck; but ſure, continued ſhe, looking hard at Mr. Hall, Is'nt that his reverence, Mr. Hall?"

"It is indeed" replied Ethelinda.

"Well, heaven be bleſſed" anſwered the good old woman, "do, dear ſir, excuſe my boldneſs, but I muſt kiſs your reverence's hand. Oh! dear, I told our Thomas that I was ſure as how good luck was at hand, for I dreamt."———

"Never" cried Thomas interrupting her, "trouble the gentry with your dreams, I dare ſay they will give us ſomething to drink for I am main dry."

"Plenty, plenty of every thing" exclaimed the Ducheſs, "you ſhall neither of you ever want for any thing; your young lady,

(the

the Duke's and my daughter, I am ſure will take care of that."

"The Duke's and your Ladyſhip's daughter?" cried Thomas and Hannah, both in a breath.

"Yes," ſaid Ethelinda, and you ſhall know more about my happineſs by and by; go into the Caſtle and refreſh yourſelves, and we will ſee you again preſently."

The old people both fell a crying for joy, and it was ſometime, in ſpite of their hunger and thirſt, before their honeſt feelings would ſuffer them to allay either.

This day ſeemed marked by arrivals, for in the evening Mrs. Hammond made her appearance, and entered with great ſincerity into the general joy.

The Ducheſs could ſcarcely ſatisfy herſelf, in expreſſing by every poſſible way the gratitude ſhe felt for the part Mrs. Hammond had taken in favour of Ethelinda.

In vain Mrs. Hammond tried to leſſen her merit in it.—It had been productive of ſuch happy conſequences, that the Ducheſs thought it almoſt impoſſible to recompenſe her ſufficiently.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

In which we hope that, if our Readers find nothing to commend, they will have the good humour not to be displeased.

IT seemed the Duke's wish to collect as many people as possible at the Castle, and he determined that every one who had been witness of Ethelinda's mortification, should likewise be witness of her exaltation.

The Hillsworths were naturally invited in compliment to Capt. Ashley; but they were so circumstanced that they could not be at

the Caſtle before the races, and therefore determined to meet the Duke and Ducheſs there.

Miſs Lyttleton inſiſted on Capt. Aſhley's not telling the Hillſworths of the change in Ethelinda's ſituation.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had been invited ſome time before, and were announced when no one but Miſs Lyttleton and Ethelinda were in the room.

When Mrs. Morgan ſaw Ethelinda ſhe quite ſtarted; yet ſcarcely curteſy'd to her but upon recollecting in whoſe houſe ſhe was, immediately became a little more civil.

"Why my dear Miſs Claremont," exclaimed Mr. Morgan, ſhaking her heartily by the hand, "are you here? I thought the were a curſed parcel of lies that we heard: S here you are, after all, ſafe and ſound; but d tell us how it all comes about."

"Tho

"Thoſe are not, perhaps, queſtions" interrupted Mrs. Morgan, "proper to anſwer, it is no buſineſs, I am ſure, of our's, at any rate, Mr. Morgan."

"Proper," repeated the ſquire, "why not? I'll bet the beſt hunter I have, that ſhe has not done any thing improper. It has been a ſudgery,—all curſed ſpite and malice."

Ethelinda felt obliged to Mr. Morgan for his ſentiments, and, as circumſtances were, not much embarraſſed by the manner of his diſcloſing them; but her little dog juſt then ſcratching at the door, ſhe walked to the end of the room to let it in. Mrs. Morgan took the opportunity of whiſpering "For heaven's ſake how did that girl come here?"

"By the mereſt accident in the world," replied Miſs Lyttleton.

"Oh, ſo I thought; I ſuppoſe the Ducheſs don't know all about her; but for goodneſs ſake why don't you tell her?"

"Oh, the Ducheſs is quite infatuated about her."

Mrs. Morgan toſſed her head, but made no reply, as Ethelinda now advanced to her ſeat again.

The converſation was now turning upon general topicks, when a ſervant came in, and addreſſing Ethelinda, ſaid "the Ducheſs deſires to ſpeak to your Ladyſhip."

Mrs Morgan, turning towards Ethelinda, ſtared with perfect aſtoniſhment, and echoed "Ladyſhip,"

"What's that?" cried the ſquire, "what did the man ſay?"

Ethelinda ſmiling, immediately left the room.

"My dear Miſs Lyttleton, did not the ſervant call Miſs Claremont your Ladyſhip?"

"He certainly did," anſwered Miſs Lyttleton, and very properly."

"What does it all mean?" interrupted Mrs. Morgan.

"Why it means," replied Miſs Lyttleton, "that after all the ill uſage, ſlights and mortifications

fications ſhe has received, this poor, diſcarded, and almoſt friendleſs girl, turns out, at laſt, only to be the daughter of a Duke; the Duke of Sutherland's daughter, and your relation, Mr. Morgan."

"Whew!—whew!—whew," cried the ſquire. "I rejoice at it from my ſoul.—Now Deb. what d'ye ſay? Now what will all your faſhion-ſqueezers ſay?—Damn it how you're all minced up; you've over-run the game plaguily: 'faith it will be excellent ſport to ſee how all your quality-fanglers will be at fault."

"Why Mr. Morgan," replied his lady, "you may ſay what you pleaſe, for I know you will do ſo; but I am ſure that I am not one of them, for I always admired Miſs Claremont."

"The devil you did,—why then Deb. you have the oddeſt way of ſhewing admiration that ever I ſaw:—It may be a faſhionable one tho'."

Juſt then the Duke came in, and was much pleaſed with the hearty pleaſure the rough ſquire ſeemed to feel upon the event.

The ladies, Mrs. Morgan evidently much embarraſſed, ſoon after withdrew to dreſs; but from this time ſhe diſcovered new charms every moment in Lady Ethelinda.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Which produces ſerious Sentiments from an unexpected Quarter.

THE time now approached for the races, where the Duke was to preſide, and where his beloved daughter was to make her firſt entrée into publick.

He had inſiſted on her appearing with great ſplendour, and had ordered jewels for her of very conſiderable value. The races were thirty miles from the Caſtle, the mourning for Mr. Corbet was juſt expired; and the Ducheſs inſiſted upon it that Miſs Lyttle-

ton ſhould not make any further delays, and that the ſame day ſhould unite her to Capt. Aſhley which gave Lady Ethelinda to Lord Melworth.

Settlements, and preparations of that ſort were in great forwardneſs, and it was determined that both the marriages ſhould take place in the week after the races.

It was the beginning of Auguſt when the party ſet off from the Caſtle; the Duke and Ducheſs in a poſt-chaiſe and four, Lady Ethelinda, Miſs Lyttleton, Lord Melworth, and Capt. Aſhley in the Duke's coach and ſix, Mrs. Hammond and Miſs Elford, who had joined them two days before, with Mr. Hall and Mr. Davies, the Duke's chaplain, in another coach and four; the ladies maids in another, followed by out-riders innumerable.

The Duke had a houſe at Doncaſter, where they were received with every mark of reſpect; but Miſs Lyttleton, anxious to

plague ſombody, begged and intreated that ſhe might be allowed to amuſe herſelf if they met any one who had happened to know Lady Ethelinda as Miſs Claremont, and did not know of her metamorphoſis.

The Dutcheſs gave conſent, provided ſhe would not carry her jokes too far.

"No, ſhe has had enough of that I hope," ſaid the Duke.

"Well my Lord, I am ſure I have been puniſhed enough for only trying to make every thing as clear as in ſerious matters they ſhould be."

"You have certainly a very happy method of making things clear," ſaid Lord Melworth with a ſmile; "but I believe at preſent you mean to exert your genius only to perplex: don't you my dear couſin?"

"Not I," replied Miſs Lyttleton; "but I long to ſee thoſe deſpicable beings, who would bow and curteſey, and be moſt obſequious to thoſe within a certain circle; but would ſee unmoved, humble merit neglected; honeſty begging bread; honour diſgraced;

innocence, in thoſe of an inferior ſtation, branded with ſhame. I long to ſee ſuch reptiles turned to ridicule, and expoſed to contempt."

"But I fear, my dear Miſs Lyttleton," ſaid Lord Melworth, "ſuch beings do not feel contempt in ſo ſtrong a manner as one ſhould wiſh."

"Yes, yes they do, my Lord, at the inſtant."

"Why," returned his Lordſhip, "it is ſurpriſing how littleneſs of mind pervades and poiſons every proper feeling; its influence is not confined to one channel, but is conſpicuous in every ſentiment; and thoſe who have it, ſeldom poſſeſs ſenſibility enough to be alive to the puniſhments it deſerves. However, I dare ſay it will not be your fault if at leaſt we have not ſome amuſement, in caſe any incident occurs that can afford it."

"Yes," returned Miſs Lyttleton, "I long to have an opportunity of proving my ſkill in mortifying the mean and inſolent, and by ſhewing them how contemptible they are, let them learn what they ought to be; and perhaps

perhaps by correcting their follies have ſome chance of amending their hearts."

"Bleſs me," exclaimed Lord Melworth, "why, my lively couſin, you are going to turn monitor already; it appears to me a very arduous undertaking: may the attempt ſucceed."

The entrance of a ſervant put an end to the converſation, and to our chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

A variety of old acquaintance make their appearance—But, as manners make the man—ſo, in the faſhionable world, honours make the woman.

THE party divided, but lounged about the next morning, which was the day previous to the commencement of the races, and the Duke had declared that he ſhould, on that evening, give an extra ball. Among other places, Lady Ethelinda, Miſs Lyttleton, Lord Melworth, and Captain Aſhley, went into a bookſeller's ſhop, where a great number of people were amuſing themſelves differently.—Some in raffling—others in reading

reading the papers, and looking over books, &c. They had ſcarcely been a minute in the ſhop, when a party attracted their notice, conſiſting of three ladies and four gentlemen. A general whiſper among them immediately took place, followed by a general ſtare at Ethelinda.

"Now for it," cried Miſs Lyttleton;—the farce is beginning. There is Lord John Derry, and thoſe would-be-fine ladies, the Miſs Watſons. A courteſy of great civility paſſed from them to Miſs Lyttleton, who returned it. Lord John immediately came up to her—"This," cried he, "is an unexpected pleaſure, indeed;" and began to aſk her numberleſs queſtions;—during which, he made a ſlight bow to, and ſtared very hard at, our Heroine.—"But pray," continued he, drawing Miſs Lyttleton aſide, "is not that Miſs Claremont?"

"Why, to be ſure," replied Miſs Lyttleton;—"Is your memory become ſo very ſhort ſince you ſaw her at Langley Park?"

"But,

"But, my dear Miſs Lyttleton," continued he, "forgive me—but were there not ſome circumſtances talked of afterwards, that made me not much expect to ſee her have the honour of your protection: Beſides, the certainty that ſhe is nobody———."

"Yes, yes," ſaid Miſs Lyttleton, interrupting him, "there are ſome particular circumſtances that you allude to.—She is not under my protection, I aſſure you."

"But ſhe ſeems to be with you."

"Yes, we happen to be together juſt now."

"She is deviliſh handſome.—Pray who is ſhe with?"

"Her parents, I believe."

"Her parents!—Oh! they are found, are they—ſome low people, I ſuppoſe."

Mrs. and Miſs Watſons now came up.

"What I told you," continued Lord John, "about Miſs Claremont, is very true."

"Pray what was it?" interrogated Miſs Watſon—"I didn't hear?"

"Only

"Only ſome particulars of the old ſtory," replied Lord John:—"But (continued he, turning to Miſs Watſon) it ſeems ſhe is with her parents, not with Miſs Lyttleton."

"I thought that impoſſible, indeed," ſaid Miſs Watſon, and think it very impertinent in her to preſume to join Miſs Lyttleton.—But I own I think ſhe has a vulgar kind of boldneſs in her manner.—Why, ſhe is talking very freely, I think, to Lord Melworth."

"Freely, indeed," anſwered Mrs Watſon. "I am ſurpriſed that he pays her ſo much attention—and it is quite a ſhame that ſuch a ſort of woman ſhould meet with ſo much notice; particularly in the preſence of others, at leaſt of ſo much more faſhion.—We were going to raffle, but I ſee ſhe is going to do ſo, and I really don't chuſe my girls ſhould run any chance of being ſpoken to by her."

"Oh! you need not fear," replied Miſs Lyttleton; "I dare ſay ſhe has very little chance of ſpeaking to them."

"Such ſort of low people," returned Mrs. Watſon, "are always trying to force themſelves upon people of any faſhion—but indeed we

we muſt go home—for the hair-dreſſer is waiting for us by this time.—We ſhall meet in the evening.—I hope the Duke and Ducheſs are well;—you are with them, of courſe. It is very kind in his Grace to give us this extra ball to night—but he is all elegance."

The party then ſhook hands with Miſs Lyttleton—turned to ſtare as they paſſed Ethelinda—and left the ſhop—which they had ſcarcely done, before Sir Ambroſe, Lady Spriggs, Miſs Figgins, Miſs Patterſon, and another lady, to whom they ſeemed to pay great attention, came in.

Miſs Patterſon immediately ſaw Ethelinda, and expreſſed the ſincereſt pleaſure at meeting her.

"It is, indeed," cried ſhe, "a happineſs I did not expect".—The poor girl looked ſadly.

"I am afraid," ſaid Ethelinda, after thanking her for the ſatisfaction ſhe expreſſed at meeting, "you are not quite well."

"Oh!

"Oh! Miſs Claremont," returned ſhe, "I wiſh I could have an opportunity of ſpeaking a few words to you."

"That you certainly ſhall have," replied Ethelinda.—"Shall you be at the ball this evening?"

"Yes—I did not before wiſh to go; but Lady Spriggs ſaid I might, if I would—and now I certainly will."

Lady Spriggs came up, and told Miſs Patterſon ſhe wanted her.—"I could not think," continued ſhe, "who you had found to talk to;—but I ſee it is you, Miſs Claremont," and at the ſame time ſhe made her a half kind of courteſy.—Miſs Figgins toſſed her head, and turned away. Lady Spriggs took Miſs Patterſon by the arm, and reprimanded her for talking ſo much to Miſs Claremont.—"We have had enough of her, I think, in our family—but any vulgar perſon is the ſame to you as the genteeleſt."

"I deſire," ſaid Sir Ambroſe, "while you are with us—while you have our protection, Miſs

Miſs Patterſon, that you will not be ſo very intimate with you don't know who."

The poor girl replied, "that ſhe did not know there was any harm in renewing an acquaintance, that, ſhort as it was, had given her ſo much pleaſure."

"I wiſh you would take pleaſure," ſaid Lady Spriggs, "in what ought to give it, in paying a proper attention only where it is due."

Miſs Patterſon ſaid, "ſhe always wiſhed to pleaſe every body."

"You have no buſineſs to try to pleaſe every body, and to be ſo attentive to that girl who my ſiſter has no reaſon to think well of, though ſhe had the good luck to get off;—but I dare ſay ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be—She looks as if ſhe was'nt——."

Miſs Patterſon only anſwered by a ſigh, but determined to impart her troubles in the evening to Ethelinda, in caſe ſhe found an opportunity.

Ethelinda

Ethelinda and Miſs Lyttleton went away, and, in a few minutes afterwards, Lord John returned to the ſhop, conducting Lady Hillſworth and Lady Diana, who were juſt arrived, and whom he had met at the inn door. He perſuaded them to go with him for a few minutes to the bookſeller's, as the place of general rendezvous, which was almoſt oppoſite. He told them Miſs Lyttleton was there.

"We ſhall ſend immediately to the Duke and Ducheſs," replied Lady Hillſworth, "to inquire after them, and ſay we will meet them in the evening,—but, as you ſay, Miſs Lyttleton is ſo near, we will go and ſpeak to her."

"And who do you think," cried Lord John, "is here? But you will never gueſs—that Miſs Claremont, that uſed to live with Lady Falkner."

"Bleſs me!" exclaimed Lady Diana, "who does ſhe turn out to be?—Nobody, I ſuppoſe;—and nobody, of courſe, takes any notice of her."

"Why,

"Why, no;—I ſuppoſe not many ladies of any faſhion," replied Lord John, with a laugh.

"I always thought it would end ſo," returned Lady Diana:—"But whom does ſhe ſeem to be with?"

"That I know nothing about;—but by what Miſs Lyttleton told me, ſhe forced herſelf upon her this morning;—but I think they ſay ſhe has found her parents."

"I ſuppoſe ſome low people," ſaid Lady Diana.

"Oh! that you may ſwear," replied his Lordſhip."

"Well," cried Lady Hillſworth, "I have heard two ſtories about Lady Cecilia's conduct to that girl.—For my own part, I thought it very ſtrange Lady Falkner's making ſuch a fuſs with her, and then leaving her nothing.—To be ſure one can take no notice of her;—but I have no great opinion of Lady Cecilia's kindneſs.—She is a very violent woman, I know.—However, we have nothing to do with it, and I ſhall not involve myſelf in the affair;—ſuch people

are

are generally pretty preſuming, and I ſhall certainly avoid ſpeaking to her;—and poſitively there ſhe is," which was the caſe, Ethelinda having turned into a milliner's ſhop, and ſtopped to ſpeak a few words to Miſs Patterſon, who had been ſent there by Lady Spriggs; but not having any time for explanations, ſhe only ſaid a few words of comfort to her, promiſing to find an opportunity for farther converſation in the evening—and then, as ſhe had agreed, followed the party, who were gone into another ſhop cloſe by.—While ſhe was ſpeaking to Miſs Patterſon, Lady Hillſworth, Lady Diana, and Lord John, paſſed her without taking the leaſt notice—excepting that Lady Diana immediately turned round, and whiſpered Lord John.

Having thus put their charitable reſolution into practice, they went on to the bookſeller's—but Miſs Lyttleton was gone.—Mrs. Morgan, however, happened to be there.—Many mutual civilities paſſed between the ladies.—Lady Hillſworth apologiſed

giſed for not calling on the Ducheſs before dinner, but ſaid, it was ſo late ſhe muſt dreſs immediately, as ſhe underſtood the ball was to begin very early, and had only come over to that ſhop in hopes of meeting Miſs Lyttleton, who, ſhe had underſtood, was there, but did not know ſhe ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing Mrs. Morgan."

"Is your party large," continued Lady Hillſworth.

"Yes, it is pretty numerous."

"Pray, my dear Mrs. Morgan," cried Lady Diana, "have you heard that Miſs Claremont, the girl brought up, you know, by Lady Falkner, is here."

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Morgan, rather heſitating—for ſhe had been ſo charged by Miſs Lyttleton, not to mention the late diſcovery—that ſhe did not dare to do it, tho' ſhe longed to do ſo exceſſively.—"Yes, yes, I know ſhe is, and looking more beautiful than ever."

"But nobody of any faſhion ſpeaks to her of courſe," cried Lady Diana.

"Not ſpeak to her! Oh! dear me, ſhe is amazingly improved: I'm ſure your La'ſhip will think ſo."

"La! Mrs. Morgan, I don't underſtand you.—Why Lord John ſaid juſt now, that nobody but men ſpoke to her."

"Why," replied Lord John, "I am ſure Miſs Lyttleton ſpoke ſlightingly enough of her, and told me ſhe only met her by accident."

"Well," anſwered Mrs. Morgan, "I never ſaw any body ſo improved."

"Why, who is ſhe with?" aſked Lady Hillſworth.

"Oh! ſhe is with us."

"With you," repeated Lady Hillſworth! "What do you mean?"

"I underſtand ſhe has found her parents."

"O yes, ſo ſhe has," anſwered Mrs. Morgan.—"She is with them—but ſhe is with us ſometimes."

"What! does the Ducheſs take any notice of her?"

"Yes, ſhe does, indeed."

"Well, I never heard any thing ſo unaccountable in my life.—But pray who are her parents at laſt?"

"I can't rightly tell—but I dare ſay you'll ſoon ſee."

"See—I ſee her parents—how ſhould I ſee them, my dear Mrs. Morgan?"

"Oh! I dare ſay you will, and I'm ſure you'll think Lady—— Miſs Claremont wonderfully altered for the better—but I muſt go home, or I ſhan't be ready."

So ſaying, away ſhe went, leaving Lady Hillſworth and Lady Diana in great aſtoniſhment, at the wonderful change in Mrs. Morgan's ſentiments concerning Miſs Claremont.

"It's the oddeſt thing I ever ſaw," ſaid Lord John, laughing;—"but Mrs. Morgan is not very wiſe, you know."

"Oh! but," replied Lady Hillſworth, "ſhe never has an opinion of her own in ſuch a caſe as this:—Beſides, did you obſerve

ſerve how ſhe heſitated.—I am ſure there is ſome myſtery in it, from her manner."

"Why, faith, I begin to think ſo too," anſwered Lord John."

"Well, we ſhall ſee in the evening, I ſuppoſe," replied Lady Diana.

"And your La'ſhip means to dance, I hope?" interrogated his Lordſhip.—You know, I ſuppoſe, that they always begin here, in the old ſtile, with minuets."

"Really I don't know—I had much rather not; but my ſiſter ſays it will be a compliment to the Duke—ſo I believe I ſhall."

"Oh! do, for Heaven's ſake, dance—or rather for my ſake, dance a minuet—or elſe I ſhall be to open the campaign with I don't know who—for I ſuppoſe I muſt dance."

"To be ſure," cried Lady Diana;"—"what elſe are you men good for?"

The dialogue was then interrupted by Lord Hillſworth's coming in; and very ſoon after, they all diſperſed to prepare for the evening.

CHAP. XV.

In which, ſentiment—want of ſentiment—wiſdom, and folly—what is good—and what is bad—have each ſome ſhare.

WHEN Ethelinda and her party returned home, Miſs Lyttleton related what had paſſed in the bookſeller's ſhop.—The Ducheſs, laughingly, ſaid, "It was exactly what you wiſhed for, Miſs Lyttleton.—You would have been diſappointed, had it been otherwiſe."

"Why, I own to your Grace, that I ſhall feel particularly pleaſed at the embarraſſment of that egregious coxcomb, Lord John."

"Well,

"Well," replied the Ducheſs," he always appeared to me a very inoffenſive one."

"But your Grace is miſtaken; for he, in reality, poſſeſſes great malevolence, and delights in mortifying others, and now, I think, his Lordſhip will have his turn, as well as thoſe pert Miſſes.—There is nothing I hate like your pert Miſſes, who, full of ignorance and vulgarity, ſit up in one corner of the room gigling and laughing at thoſe who are perhaps every way their ſuperiors, and who are only reſtrained by good nature from treating them with the contempt they deſerve."

"Bleſs me!" cried the Ducheſs, "why, Miſs Lyttleton, you grow quite ſentimental; and take care, that from thoſe pert vulgar Miſſes, you keep clear of thoſe clever witty ones, that are ſometimes leſs excuſable in their frolics, becauſe they know better, and can be much more miſchievous."

"What does your Grace mean?"

"Why, my dear," replied the Ducheſs, laughing, "I only felt afraid leſt any ſhaft ſhould unluckily recoil, and accidentally wound yourſelf."

"None would hurt me ſo much, Madam, as one aimed by you—but I hope——."

"A truce," cried the Ducheſs; "I only meant, my dear, to call on your goodneſs of heart as a guard upon your wit, for then it will never ſhoot further than it ſhould do.—I own Lord John fair game.—As to the Miſſes you ſpeak of, I know nothing of them—but think that ſuch ſort of conduct, as you deſcribe their's to have been, may oftner ariſe from folly than ill nature, and therefore ſhould be treated accordingly—but it is time to go to our toilets"

The Ducheſs aroſe, and the ladies immediately ſeparated.

It was agreed that Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Morgan, Miſs Lyttleton, Captain Aſhley, and Miſs Elford, ſhould go firſt to the ball, and the Duke and Ducheſs, with Lady Ethelinda and Lord Melworth, follow ſoon afterwards.

Places

Places had been reſerved at the top of the room for the Duke's party.—Lady Hillſworth and Lady Diana were arrived, and the maſter of the ceremonies had aſked Lady Diana to open the ball, ſaying, they only waited for the Duke and Ducheſs, who, he underſtood, were coming immediately.

Lady Diana conſented to dance, and was ſettling herſelf accordingly.—Lord John was pulling on his gloves, but tore one of them ſo entirely, that he ſaid he muſt go and ſee for ſome others.

The maſter of the ceremonies was juſt then called away, and Lady Diana began expreſſing her diſlike of being forced to dance the firſt minuet.—" It is (continued ſhe) ſuch an exhibition—and every body ſtaring at one ſo, that it frightens one almoſt to death ;—and the muſic generally play ſo horrid bad, that it is impoſſible to dance tolerably."

Juſt then, Miſs Lyttleton and Mrs. Hammond arrived, and were ſcarcely ſeated, when Lord John returned, who, running up to Miſs Lyttleton, exclaimed,—" For Heaven's ſake, Miſs Lyttleton, what is this ſtory I have juſt heard of the Duke of Sutherland having juſt found a daughter—it ſounds very ridiculous—there ſurely can't be any truth in it.—Do explain, if you can, what it means "

" Why, juſt what you ſay," anſwered Miſs Lyttleton.—" The Duke and Ducheſs have found a daughter, and ſhe is coming with them."

" But, for Heaven's ſake, where has ſhe been concealed ſo long?"

" Oh! I have not time, now, to enter into hiſtories.—Beſides, here ſhe comes."

Lady Diana, who was ſitting at a little diſtance, jumped up, and running to Miſs Lyttleton, exclaimed, " Heavens and earth! is that Miſs Claremont?"

" No, it is not," anſwered Miſs Lyttleton, I aſſure you."

" Not

"Not Miſs Claremont! but indeed it is."

"It certainly is not Miſs Claremont," returned Miſs Lyttleton, "It is Lady Ethelinda Morton."

"Lady Ethelinda Morton!" repeated Lady Diana.—"Who is that? What does it all mean?"

"Your Ladyſhip's curioſity will ſoon be ſatisfied, and I hope gratified," replied Miſs Lyttleton, "in ſeeing the moſt perfect of her ſex, in mind and perſon, one of the moſt exalted in rank."

The maſter of the ceremonies led the Ducheſs, who had ſtopped a little time to ſpeak to an old acquaintance. Lord Melworth conducted Lady Ethelinda, who looked like a divinity.—But as ſome people chuſe to be informed very minutely of the appearance of an earthly goddeſs, we ſhall devote a few lines to the exact deſcription of her.

She had on a clear muſlin gown, ſpotted with ſilver, and ornamented with violet coloured flowers; wreaths of which, with great taſte, decorated her petticoat, and went round her

arms. On her head ſhe had a broad bandeau of diamonds, with white feathers, and ſome elegant diamond ſtars, and a very large wheat-ſheaf among the feathers, which, vibrating with the ſlighteſt motion, caſt an uncommonly brilliant luſtre.—A profuſion of fine, and remarkably long hair, hung down her back, juſt faſtened together with a bow of diamonds.—In ſhort, all together, in perſon and dreſs, ſhe appeared almoſt divine;—a pattern of beauty, grace, and elegance.

"Defend me!" exclaimed Lord John;—"why that is really Miſs Claremont.—Say, Miſs Lyttleton, what does this mean?"

"Mean—why that people ſhould be very careful what they ſay of they *don't know who.*"

"Why, you deceived me yourſelf," cried Lord John;—"you ſaid ſhe was with her parents, who were mean people."

"I beg your Lordſhip's pardon—I ſaid the firſt part, and you ſuppoſed the ſecond."

"Will you introduce me?" ſaid his Lordſhip.

"As

"As you are not acquainted with her," replied Miſs Lyttleton, ſmiling;—"or rather as ſhe is not acquainted with you, I certainly will."

By this time they were arrived at the top of the room, and Lady Ethelinda was ſeated by the Ducheſs.—The Duke had followed them, and ſtood leaning over his daughter's chair, delighted with the admiration which he ſaw ſhe inſpired.

Compliments, of courſe, paſſed between the Hillſworths and the Duke and Ducheſs; but the ſurpriſe of Lady Hillſworth and Lady Diana, notwithſtanding the endeavours of politeneſs to ſuppreſs it, cannot be eaſily deſcribed.

The maſter of the ceremonies, who, when he was called out of the room, had been informed by the Duke of every thing that was neceſſary, immediately came up, and hoped Lady Ethelinda would dance a minuet.

Ethelinda felt conſiderable alarm, but with inimitable grace, acquieſced, and was handed to the place from whence ſhe was to begin.

Lady Diana coloured with diſappointment, blended, we fear, with a little mortification.—Her deſtined partner, Lord John, was likewiſe ſet aſide, as it was Lord Melworth's place to begin.—The eyes of every perſon in the room ſeemed drawn to one focus—and every perſon in the back benches, as if by general conſent, ſtood up.—Nothing could be more elegant than the performance. It was grace exemplified.

The Duke and Ducheſs ſaw the general gaze, of almoſt clamorous admiration, with delight;—and the Ducheſs, whoſe ſpirits had been rather weakened by the agitation they had ſuffered, could not conceal her emotion.—As the tears of joy trickled down her cheeks—"You ſee, my dear Mrs. Hammond," whiſpered ſhe, "that joy ſometimes turns thief, and robs grief of it's uſual appendage.—I am indeed almoſt too happy—

and look at my dear Duke—his feelings are equally fervent."

He preſently came round to them, and tenderly taking the Ducheſs's hand, "My love," ſaid he, "who could have thought of the happineſs that awaited us."

"It was unlooked for, as it is great," replied the Ducheſs, "to have found our child—and to find her ſo good, ſo excellent, ſo accompliſhed."

By this time the minuet was finiſhed, and Lady Ethelinda re-ſeated. The Ducheſs immediately introduced her to Lady Hillſworth and Lady Diana, and, in a few words, let them into the event, at which they affected to be deeply intereſted, and very much pleaſed.

Miſs Lyttleton had been amuſing herſelf, by liſtening to a converſation between Sir Ambroſe, Lady Spriggs, and ſome others.

"Well,"

"Well," ſaid Sir Ambroſe, "who could have ſuppoſed ſuch a wonderful thing."

"For my part," replied her Ladyſhip, "I always thought ſhe had an air that ſeemed much ſuperior to her ſituation."

"I was ſurpriſed, my dear," ſaid he, "you did not ſpeak to her this morning at the bookſeller's."

"Surpriſed—la', Sir Ambroſe, why ſhould you be ſurpriſed at my not doing ſo, when you did not do it yourſelf—but Jenny did."

"And I ſuppoſe," cried Miſs Patterſon, "I may again this evening, if ſhe will condeſcend to ſpeak to me."

"That ſhe will not do, you may depend upon it," ſaid Lady Spriggs."

"Indeed, Madam, I think ſhe will," replied Miſs Patterſon.

"No, no, child, you are miſtaken in that idea—but you know nothing of the world."

"But I really," replied Miſs Patterſon, "think I know her heart too well, to believe ſhe will deſpiſe thoſe ſhe has favoured with her notice, and who have done nothing to become unworthy of it."

"And

"And ſo, Miſs, you ſet up your judgment in oppoſition to mine—do you?" replied her Ladyſhip, who had been piqued by poor Jenny's Inuendo.

"We ſhall ſee, Madam," anſwered Miſs Patterſon;—"but indeed I meant no offence."

"No, we ſhall not ſee Ma'am," replied her Ladyſhip—for you muſt go home in a few minutes, as I recollect having a letter which you muſt anſwer."

"No, no," ſaid Sir Ambroſe, "let her ſtay to night, and dance, if ſhe can get any proper perſon to dance with her."

"Juſt then the minuets cloſed, and Ethelinda, perceiving Miſs Patterſon, moved towards her, the eyes of every perſon in the room following her ſteps.

Poor Miſs Patterſon was ſo much ſurpriſed at ſuch particular notice, that ſhe wanted preſence of mind to behave properly A natural impulſe made her riſe at the approach of Lady Ethelinda—but timidity made her

ſit

ſit down again, as faſt as ſhe could, in the ſame moment.

"I come, Miſs Patterſon," ſaid Ethelinda, to beg a few minute's converſation with you."

. . . . . .

Up ſtarted Lady Spiggs, endeavouring to attract Lady Ethelinda's attention, who, making her a ſlight curteſy, took Miſs Patterſon's hand and led her away. Lady Spriggs coloured with vexation, and Sir Ambroſe ſaid, "This is very extraordinary."

"Extraordinary indeed," anſwered her Ladyſhip, "I can hardly believe I am awake."

"You expreſſed," ſaid Ethelinda to Miſs Patterſon, "a wiſh to ſpeak to me.—ſay, have I the power of ſerving you."

"I am ſo confuſed at the liberty I ignorantly took" replied Miſs Patterſon, that I know not what to ſay in excuſe for it, more than that I did not then know to whom I ſpoke ſo familiarly, and my unhappineſs urged me to aſk your advice, as you were formerly ſo kind to me."

"Tell

"Tell me," returned Ethelinda, "in a word, do you wiſh to remove from the family you are with?"

"It is what I know not how to do," anſwered Miſs Patterſon; "but I am very, very miſerable: no dependant can lead a worſe life."

"Then," replied Ethelinda, "come to me my dear Miſs Patterſon, to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, and we will then talk further on the ſubject, and in the mean time reſt aſſured, that I will aſſiſt you in changing your ſituation."

Miſs Patterſon could ſcarcely articulate her thanks; but her countenance fully expreſſed them.

They then parted, and Ethelinda returned to her friends; but ſtepping back, beckoned Miſs Lyttleton, and introduced Miſs Patterſon to her. When they got to their places again, "Here," cried Miſs Lyttleton," is Lord John Derry, who forgot your Ladyſhip as Miſs Claremont, and this morning wondered

wondered I would degrade myſelf by granting you my protection; this evening he wants your's. Come Lord John, have you any thing to ſay for yourſelf, better than what I have ſaid for you?"

"You are very ſevere, Miſs Lyttleton, I could not foreſee,—I did not know."

"I firmly believe your Lordſhip, if you had foreſeen,—if you had known,—you would have acted very differently; but all I mean, is to adviſe you to be in future a little better acquainted with a lady's real character before you give ſo general an account of it."

"Pray Miſs Lyttletons ſpare me."

"Come, I will then, provided you promiſe in future to ſpare others; and as an additional motive for ſo doing, remember, that eventually it will be ſparing yourſelf."

"A truce," cried Lord John, "for heaven's ſake."

"For your ſake, if you pleaſe," returned Miſs Lyttleton; "but why don't you dance?"

"Who ſhall I dance with? will Lady Ethelinda or you honour me ſo far."

"No,

"No, no, we are both engaged; but we will find you a partner."

"You are very good, but————"

"Oh, let's have no buts.—Come Lady Ethelinda, there is Miſs Patterſon, I will inquire if ſhe will do Lord John the honour of dancing with him."

Away ſhe flew, and preſently returning, carried off his Lordſhip, who yielded a very unwilling obedience to her commands; but did not dare to refuſe.

The Miſs Watſon's placed themſelves in the way to be taken notice of; but Miſs Lyttleton only made them a ſlight curteſy. Their ſcrupulous mother, who had moſt heartily repented of her airs in the morning, ſlided up to Miſs Lyttleton, and, after remarking how very hot it was, declared that ſhe had never been ſo ſurprized in her life as ſhe had been that evening.

"How ſo madam," replied Miſs Lyttleton; "why Lady Ethelinda has not taken the liliberty

berty of ſpeaking to the Miſs Watſon's, has ſhe?"

"The liberty, ma'am," returned Mrs. Watſon, in a tone of ſurprize.

"Yes ma'am the liberty,—If I remember right you thought that Lady Ethelinda's raffling at the ſame table too great a one this morning, and went away leſt ſhe ſhould preſume to ſpeak to them; though I aſſured you that I dared ſay ſhe would not be particularly anxious to do ſo."

"Oh, ma'am, but we did not know."

"It is very true ma'am that you did not know ſhe was right honourable, and the Duke of Sutherland's daughter; but give me leave to ſay, that her notice would have done honour to your daughters, and any body's daughters, without the rank that now ſo highly diſtinguiſhes her. But I hope, (continued Miſs Lyttleton with a ſmile of contempt, and walking away,) that another time you will diſcriminate better,"

Mrs. Watſon and her daughters were thrown into thorough confuſion, and retired, filled

filled with vexation, very early in the evening, for they were cut quite out of the moſt elegant party, which they ſighed for, and being ſo deprived of it, was a mortification they could not long ſubmit to.

The Duke and Ducheſs followed their charming daughter with their eyes every ſtep ſhe took. Lord Melworth too ſhared their affection and admiration, and it would be impoſſible for any one who has not been in their ſituation, to be ſenſible of the feelings incident to it.

" None of the Duke's party ſtay'd late at the ball; but all returned home well pleaſed with the evening. Ethelinda always went to the Ducheſs's apartment before ſhe retired for the night; as ſhe entered, the Ducheſs roſe, and throwing her arms round her neck, " My child," ſaid ſhe, " I am almoſt too happy,—my feelings are almoſt too much for me."

Ethelinda perceived that nature was nearly overpowered,—too much over-ſtretched;

and was convinced, that ſtrong ſenſations of happineſs might prove as fatal as miſery. "Oh madam!" cried Ethelinda, "do not give way to ſuch powerful feelings, which, however delightful in themſelves, if not moderated, may be as prejudicial to the delicacy of your frame as if they took their riſe from misfortune."

"But," cried the Ducheſs, "the loſs of you, and never having had another child, tinged my life with melancholy. I conceived parental affection to be one of the moſt delightful feelings of human nature."

Juſt then the Duke entered, "Is it not ſo my Lord," cried the Ducheſs, "Is not parental affection one of the moſt delightful of human feelings?"

"When it is placed on ſuch an object as this, (returned the Duke, taking Ethelinda's hand) it is indeed. But Ducheſs, as I have often told you, great concern at not having children, is an ill-founded regret; look round, and ſee of the numbers of your friends who have families, how many have reaſon to lament

ment it. The bad propenſities of human nature are ſo much cheriſhed inſtead of ſubdued by the prevailing diſſipation of the age, that ingratitude, extravagance, and libertiniſm are the too frequent rewards of parental affection.—And the father and mother, whoſe every care and attention were directed towards their offspring till they reached maturity, are often, from that period, only recompenſed by ſlights, embarraſſments and ingratitude. Take in the accidental occurrences of ſickneſs, accidents, difficulties, and the attendant anxieties on ſuch connexions; and I ſtill believe, as I have often endeavoured to perſuade you, that thoſe perſons who have not children, would do well to forget their diſappointment in reflecting upon the anxieties they probably eſcape. And yet my love (continued the Duke,) our happineſs is indeed abundantly augmented by this dear addition.—And our ſituation is different from thoſe I have deſcribed, and admits of no compariſon. But we muſt proceed no further with the argument, for you have already, my

dear,

dear, (turning to the Ducheſs,) been too great a rake."

The next morning Mrs. Hammond imparted a ſecret reſpecting Miſs Patterſon which doubly intereſted Ethelinda in her favour. It was Mrs. Hammond's nephew to whom Miſs Patterſon was ſo much attached, and who was equally ſo to her; "but," continued Mrs. Hammond, "it is not in my power to aſſiſt them.—Should fortune unexpectedly ſmile on my brave boy, I ſhould be the firſt to promote their happineſs."

"Would you like" ſaid Ethelinda, "to receive her as a companion to you."

"Yes, of all things; but I cannot afford to do ſo, for I cannot give her what, in ſuch a ſituation ſhe would have a right to expect."

"Leave that to me," cried Ethelinda, "you muſt accept of 5000l."

"Madam!" ſaid Mrs. Hammond, looking with the greateſt ſurprize at Ethelinda.

"It is a very ſmall return for the ſervices you have done me. If Miſs Patterſon behaves as you approve, you will then have it

it in your power of uniting her with your nephew, and may find comfort in their ſociety."

Mrs. Hammond expreſſed the ſincereſt gratitude for this kindneſs, and breakfaſt was ſcarcely over when Miſs Patterſon was announced. Ethelinda ſoon took her into another apartment, and when part of the plan was communicated, it almoſt deprived the poor girl of her ſenſes,—ſhe ſobbed and cried, and kiſſed Ethelinda's hand. It was ſettled that ſhe ſhould not return with Sir Ambroſe and Lady Spriggs, but remain with Mrs. Hammond, and accompany her to the Caſtle, where the whole party was to continue till after the marriages were over.

Two days more were paſſed at Doncaſter, where Ethelinda received the moſt flattering attentions; but ſhe and her beloved Lord Melworth were rejoiced when the time came for returning to the Caſtle, which, indeed, the whole party were anxious to do.

When the Duke and Ducheſs retired to their apartment, they mutually confeſſed, that they loved their child to ſuch exceſs, that the fear of any thing happening to her, was now the ſource of frequent uneaſineſs to them. They condemned themſelves for giving way to ſuch apprehenſions; but could not conquer them, and for an excuſe concluded, that it was not the deſtiny of human nature to find happineſs without alloy.

The morning after they returned to the Caſtle, Jackſon, his wife and three children arrived. The Duke had determined to ſurprize Ethelinda with their appearance, and had commiſſioned his ſteward to ſettle their affairs; as he underſtood their greateſt wiſh was to live in the country, he offered them, as was mentioned before, a farm near the Caſtle.

When they were ſhewn into the room where the family were ſitting and beheld Ethelinda, they both burſt into tears, and

then, fearful of having done wrong, were hurrying out again.

"My good friends," cried Ethelinda, riſing and following them, where are you going? come in, I beg of you, and let me in preſenting you to my father and mother, ſhew them the preſervers of their child."

"Come in, come in excellent people," cried the Duke and Ducheſs in a breath; "come," continued the Duke, "and receive part of the reward due to your benevolent hearts.—See the effects of your care and kindneſs."

"Heaven be praiſed," cried Jackſon, dropping upon his knees, and calling on Patty to do the ſame, and to return thanks for the mercies they had received.

An inſtantaneous impulſe made the Duke and Ducheſs, and every one riſe. Jackſon continued ſobbing out a thouſand thanks to heaven, and then to the Duke, who preſently made him and his wife riſe and ſit down. The Ducheſs made them recite every parti-

cular that had occurred in which Ethelinda was concerned.

"And pray Miſs," cried Jackſon, having in a degree recovered himſelf, though ſtill half out of his wits with joy and ſurpriſe, "had you ever any more trouble with that good-for-nothing gentleman, Mr. Corbet. When he was told that Mr. Corbet was dead,—"A good riddance," cried he, "for if it had not been for my Lord,—bleſs his honour,—I am glad to ſee him here,—I know not what would have become of Miſs; for it was not in ſuch a poor man's power to protect her, tho'ff it ſhould have gone hard with me before I would have ſeen her ill-uſed."

The Ducheſs loaded Mrs. Jackſon with preſents, who ſeemed equally with her huſband frantic with joy, and continually begging to be taught how to behave herſelf; indeed nothing could exceed Jackſon's pleaſure at having quitted his unpleaſant ſituation and office, and at the thoughts of being ſettled in the country.

The

The Duke and Ducheſs had now collected every perſon who had ſhewn kindneſs to their adored daughter.

Sir James Corbet had written a letter to the Duke, ſaying ſome great miſtake had been made in the will of Lady Falkner; and Lady Cecilia, upon finding that Mrs. Gregſon had ſaved part of the real will, thought the only way of ſaving herſelf from being publickly expoſed, was to throw herſelf upon the mercy of her brother; and therefore wrote him a ſuppliant letter, in which ſhe in ſome meaſure confeſſed the truth, though ſhe tried to palliate her conduct; and aſſured him that every poſſible ſatisfaction and compleat reſtitution ſhould be given to Lady Ethelinda.

Lord Melworth finding how partial Ethelinda was to Newton-Hall, and that Sir James meant to part with it, managed ſo as to purchaſe the eſtate, which pleaſed Ethelinda exceedingly; as it gratified her feelings to have the power of ſpending ſome time

year in a place rendered ſacred to her, by the remembrance of her firſt friend ; and endeared to her by the conſideration of the many happy years ſhe had paſſed there.

A few more days elapſed, and every thing was in readineſs for the marriages ; they only waited for Lady Beaufort, who was now hourly expected from Ireland. The fifth day a courier arrived announcing the approach of her ladyſhip, who, with a conſiderable ſuite and great magnificence made her appearance about three o'clock.

The Duke and Lord Melworth went to hand her out of her carriage, and the Ducheſs and Ethelinda met her in the ſaloon.

Lady Beaufort appeared the moſt elegant wreck of beauty that ever was ſeen, extremely tall, but pale and thin, with eyes the moſt piercing and ſcrutinizing that ever adorned a countenance ; her noſe was Grecian and her face oval. She had rather a bend in her body, with a very penſive look, excepting

excepting when ſhe ſeemed inclined to ſearch into any one's heart, which ſhe appeared always capable of doing, and at ſuch times had an intelligence of countenance that both fascinated and intimidated. She ſpoke in a particularly low voice, and with grace peculiar to herſelf, and generally in ſome degree bowed to the perſon ſhe addreſſed. She ſeemed to inſpire a ſacred awe, and it appeared impoſſible not to be guarded in her preſence againſt ſpeaking or acting with any degree of levity or impropriety.

Lady Beaufort had been uncommonly attached to her lord; with him all worldly gaiety fled from her for ever, and happineſs only approached her under the form of contemplation; but as her underſtanding was of the firſt claſs, ſhe endeavoured to reconcile herſelf in a certain degree to events that ſhe was incapable of changing. Having been educated with aſperity, and of a diſpoſition naturally reſerved, ſhe had deſpotic opinions. With thoſe ſhe diſliked, or thoſe who offended her, however nearly allied to them,

ſhe would never aſſociate. "I may forgive them, ſhe would ſay, but there is no reaſon for my puniſhing myſelf: The pleaſures of life are too few to mingle them with unneceſſary bitters; and the pains are too many, unneceſſarily to increaſe their weight."

With this diſpoſition ſhe had uſed herſelf to be ſo much alone, that by degrees ſhe preferred it, and never joined the family but for two hours at dinner time. She deemed it almoſt a crime for a man, or a woman, to marry beneath themſelves,—and declared, that had her ſon done ſo, though ſhe might have forgiven, ſhe would never have ſeen him afterwards. She had few weakneſſes herſelf, and but little indulgence to thoſe of other perſons. She would be charitable from principle,—but perhaps, was not benevolent from feeling, or generous from compaſſion;—Yet ſhe thought that people in a ſuperior rank of life, were bound to relieve the neceſſary wants of the inferior, and, therefore ſeldom re-

fuſed their petitions.———Such was Lady Beaufort.

She deſired a private conference with Ethelinda, who attended her when ſhe went to her apartment after dinner. "I know," ſaid Lady Beaufort, having ſpoken of the intended marriage, that you may very poſſibly be prejudiced againſt me for having refuſed my conſent, a circumſtance you are doubtleſs informed of, and which I do not wiſh to conceal, at a time when I conſidered that an alliance with you would have been derogatory to my ſon;—for I am of opinion, that a certain degree of family equality is one of the neceſſaries to make a marriage happy:—For happineſs, Lady Ethelinda, does not depend entirely upon the principle circumſtances that at firſt preſent themſelves,—a coincidence of what ſome may even call trifles are equally neceſſary.

"Conſcious inferiority on either ſide will give birth to ſuſpicions that otherwiſe might not have exiſted, and create fancied alluſions,—fancied reflections,—and fancied offences,—

till real pique,—real altercations,—and real diſguſt enſue.—The idea of general equality is abſurdity in the extreme,—it never can exiſt, nor could it be productive of happineſs if it did.—And as of all principles a levelling one, is in my opinion the moſt fraught with miſchief, ſo I utterly diſapprove of every thing that has a tendency that way.——Therefore, Lady Ethelinda, do not be diſguſted with me for declaring, that much as I wiſh for your alliance now, it would have mortified me in the extreme, while your rank in life was doubtful;—I could then only conſider you as a dazzling pebble, but now you are in my eyes a jewel of the firſt eſtimation."

That ſuch good ſenſe ſhould be clouded by ſo much pride.—Ah, poor, defective human nature!—was the painful reflection that on the moment preſented itſelf to Ethelinda's mind;—but her anſwer expreſſed a calm wiſh that ſhe might never forfeit that good opinion Lady Beaufort now honoured her with.

Some

Some more converſation took place, in which Lady Beaufort inſpired Ethelinda with wonder—how it was poſſible for her to cheriſh the very haughty ſentiments ſhe poſſeſſed, at a time when meditation was the principal occupation of her life; and it could only be accounted for, by obſerving that a prejudice long cheriſhed is too apt to prevail over reaſon and judgment.

Lady Beaufort expreſſed a wiſh that the ceremony ſhould be performed as ſoon as poſſible, as ſhe had buſineſs which required her preſence in London.

Ethelinda agreed that the following Thurſday ſhould be the day, and as nothing material occurred between, there only remains to relate the few particulars of a feſtival that, perhaps, ſome of our readers who love minutiæ, may chuſe to have deliniated; but it is not poſſible to deſcribe accurately the happineſs that reigned in the party.

Miſs Patterſon was arrived, and her gratitude to Ethelinda was boundleſs; the good

Mr. Hall ſeemed only to live in her preſence. Miſs Elford was delighted: her uncle had diſcovered his daughter in a convent, and was reſtored to peace. Mrs. Hammond was truly happy; and, in ſhort, wherever Ethelinda moved a croud ſeemed to follow her, for every one wiſhed to be where ſhe was; but Lord Melworth ſometimes ſtole her away to have the gratification of a tête-à-tête ramble, and when they returned, it ſeemed as if ſhe had been gone a month, and every countenance brightened at her approach.

Miſs Lyttleton had no one in particular to play her tricks upon, but amuſed the whole party with her lively ſallies; though ſhe too frequently ought to have become ſupplicant to Capt. Aſhley for pardon:—for though ſhe loved him ſincerely and ardently, ſhe could not forbear ſometimes torturing him; but he was ſo truly devoted to her, that ſeeing her real attachment towards him, he was blind to every fault ſhe poſſeſſed.

The inferior party, to whom Suſan the honeſt houſe-maid, and the farmer who aſſiſted Lord Melworth, were added, were apparently not leſs happy. Jones and his wife; Jackſon and his wife; the Fletchers, &c. &c. were all elated with exceſs of joy; and were all preſent when the box was opened which contained the original letter which had been intruſted to the care of Mrs. Hoſkins. The Duke read it aloud, but as it only contained a repetition of what our readers already know, we omit the inſerting it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Concluding our Hiſtory—which, however defective in entertainment, we truſt cannot be deemed deficient in morality.

THE Ducheſs had a houſe about five miles diſtant, which ſhe had fitted up and ornamented, on account of it's ſituation being entirely ſurrounded with wood and water. This place ſhe frequently made excurſions to, and had given it to Ethelinda, who had been particularly ſtruck with it's beauties.

It

It was determined that the new married people ſhould paſs a few days there, while the Ducheſs, Mrs. Hammond, and Miſs Elford, were to prepare an unexpected feſtival upon their return.

The Duke had given orders for the moſt ſuperb decorations to be made in the Pavilion.—The PAVILION, rendered ſo eſtimable to him, from the intereſting ſcene between the Ducheſs and Ethelinda. But he wiſhed to conſecrate it to gratitude, to adorn it with magnificence, ſuitable to the purpoſes of his ſoul, which were to expreſs, in the moſt ſolemn manner, his thanks to Heaven for the unexpected reſtoration of his child, on the very ſpot where the bleſſing was diſcloſed. But it was contrary to his ideas, that any light feſtivity—any trifling decorations—or any frivolous amuſements, ſhould make part of a ceremony he meant to inſtitute, as the moſt awful one of his life.

He

He wiſhed the ornaments of this recordant PAVILION to conſiſt of coſtly pillars of marble, enriched with ſculpture, expreſſive of the ſubject he deſired to commemorate.—He intended there ſhould be an altar in the middle, on the ſides of which were to be carved, in moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, the figures of the parties, diſpoſed in a manner the beſt calculated to intereſt and affect the mind.

Solemn muſic was to be introduced in the ceremony, and for ſome hours in the morning he hoped to enable the mind to ſoar above the trifles of this world—to riſe to Heaven—and loſe each ſublunary thought in grateful thanks and adoration.

From the day of the commemoration, he determined, that, during his life, darkneſs ſhould never more obſcure the beloved ſpot which had ſo brightened his happineſs—but that, from the ſet of ſun, lamps ſhould be kept continually burning 'till it aroſe again.—

A

A building was therefore to be added to the PAVILION, for the abode of a family whoſe particular buſineſs it ſhould be to attend to that regulation.

On the day after the ſolemn commemoration, he intended to admit of indeed a very different ſcene.——Dancing, ſinging, gaily decorated temples, fire-works, and every auxiliary, &c. to mirth and innocent pleaſure, that hilarity offers, were to attend the joyous ſcene.

But as all this required alength of time to prepare, he was obliged to delay theſe commemorations for ſome weeks. He collected, however, the beſt artificers, and employed ſo many hands, that he was aſſured the utmoſt diſpatch would be uſed;—and he was very much pleaſed and amuſed, in attending the execution of his plans.

When Thurſday arrived, the Caſtle reſounded with joy and pleaſure; the Duke's band

band began playing at eight o'clock in the morning.—The ſervants were all dreſſed, and the peaſantry crowded the great halls. The bells rang, and ſatisfaction and happineſs threw their ſweet odours around, that dilated every heart, and brightened every countenance.

Ethelinda was up early;—her hair was looſely dreſſed; and on her head ſhe had only a ſmall chip hat, with wreaths of white roſes;—a clear muſlin gown over white ſilk, faſtened round her waiſt with a white ſaſh, and looſe ſleeves tied round the middle of them, with rows of pearl.

Miſs Lyttleton was dreſſed exactly the ſame, and both looked infinitely lovely.—Lord Melworth went to the Duke's library, but not finding him there, ſat down to wait for his arrival. Ethelinda went there to pay her duty to him likewiſe.—Lord Melworth caught her in his arms.—"My love," he cried, "you will not ſurely, at this bleſ-

ſed

ſed moment, fly from the arms of your Melworth."

"No," replied ſhe, leaning on his boſom. No earthly bleſſings, without you, could make your Ethelinda happy."

"May Heaven," returned Lord Melworth, "make me worthy of you, my adored, my charming Ethelinda."

"And me of you, my equally adored Melworth."

The Duke and Ducheſs then entering, embraced, and ſhed tears over them both.

They were immediately after conducted into the great drawing-room, where the whole party was aſſembled; and from thence they adjourned to the chapel, where Mr. Hall had the happineſs to perform the ſolemn ceremony, that united the moſt excellent of men with the moſt charming of women.

The Caſtle reſounded with acclamations; and every perſon in it culled from the tree of happineſs a freſh bough, which did not wither 'till it was hung as a trophy, at the end of a long life, over their

HALLOWED TOMBS.

FINIS.